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STUDIES IN READING

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PREFACE

READING with appreciation is a fine art. It is the modest purpose of this volume to afford the means whereby the reader may gain a more intelligent appreciation of some of the inspiring short poems and classics of the language. These selections cover a wide range and appeal to every grade and variety of emotion.

Each study consists of an introduction, the selection, suggestive questions for study, and a list of references to other helpful selections. The introduction brings the reader's mind into the right attitude, or atmosphere, to appreciate the selection. The questions afford him means of deepening and intensifying that appreciation. The references, if followed, permit him to widen his appreciation into other fields. With such directed effort he can read the selection with genuine appreciation. He is taught how to study, and through directed study, how to appreciate and to express the best thought and feeling of the race. All methods, devices, and helpful exercises usually employed in teaching reading are supplemented and brought to bear fruit a hundredfold when reinforced by such directed study.

The authors desire to acknowledge their indebtedness to the school men and women who have tried and proven these studies in the school-room practice. Especial thanks are due to Superintendent Carroll

G. Pearce, Milwaukee; Superintendent W. M. Davidson, Washington; Superintendent A. H. Waterhouse, Fremont, Nebraska, for helpful suggestions and criticisms, and to former State Superintendent W. K. Fowler for expert care, criticisms, and corrections in the preparation of this volume.

J. W. SEARSON

GEORGE E. MARTIN

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STUDIES IN READING

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH¹ HUNT

THE story is told of a certain rich man of the East whose wife had passed away, and whose children had grown up and moved to far distant countries. He was a wise man, kind-hearted, who loved *people*. So he filled his large house with poor, homeless children, whose grateful smiles gladdened him, and whose gay laughter filled his old heart with joy. The weary traveler, the poor outcast, and the sick or sorrowful alike received comfort and cheer beneath the hospitable roof and around the heavily laden board of the old patriarch. What unspeakable joy and peace touched his heart as he saw cheer and gladness illumine the dark hearts of his fellow-beings. One night he awoke from peaceful sleep to see the room enriched with the subdued light of a beautiful angel presence, who told him his name was not recorded in the "book of gold" with "the names of those who love the Lord." "I pray thee, then," said he cheerily and low, "write my name as one who loves his fellow-men." And lo! God, through the angel presence, recognized in this the true relationship of a devout follower, and gave the peaceful old patriarch first place among all those whose lives were blessed by love of God. The poet here catches the lofty vision that loving and serving one's fellow-man is the primary way one can love and serve his God. "Inas-

¹ Pronounced lē.

much as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great awakening light,
And showed the names of those whom love of God had
blessed—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What leads the author at the outset to exclaim enthusiastically "may his tribe increase!"?
2. In what frame of mind did Abou Ben Adhem behold the vision?
3. What was Ben Adhem's feeling when he found his name was not among the names of those who loved the Lord?
4. What request did he make?
5. In what mood did he make the request?
6. How could he have "exceeding peace" under such circumstances?
7. How was God's acceptance of Ben Adhem's service shown?

8. What doctrine of life is here set forth?
9. Why is this poem so popular?

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 FOSS, S. W.: The House by the Side of the Road.
 NAYLOR: Dr. John Goodfellow — Office Up-Stairs.

WHAT DO THEY SAY?

Hark! hark! My children, hark!
 When the sky has lost its blue,
 What do the stars sing in the dark?
 "We must sparkle, sparkle, through."

What do leaves say in the storm,
 Tossed in whispering heaps together?
 "We can keep the violets warm
 Till they wake in fairer weather."

What do happy birdies say,
 Flitting through the gloomy wood?
 "We must sing the gloom away —
 Sun or shadow, God is good."

—*Selected.*

AMERICA

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

“**A**MERICA” always sends a patriotic thrill through every heart. The song stands for love of country, for the country, and for submission to the Great God, our King, “whose care and guidance has enabled us as Americans to claim a land where every echo is of freedom, and where rocks, valleys, hills, and breezes bid humanity shout praises for the joy of freedom and bow in humble prayer of thanksgiving to the great King of Kings who sheds upon his children freedom’s holy light.”

The origin of this poem is of keen interest to all. Dr. Smith relates how Mr. Lowell Mason, the pioneer public school music publisher in America, had received some German school singing books. These he turned over for examination to Dr. Smith, whose ability as poet, German student, and translator was already much appreciated. Dr. Smith entered upon the work of selecting and compiling from these books songs adapted to the public schools of America. The rest of the story he tells as follows:

“In looking through the books I came to the tune to which America is written. I spelled out the notes and found the tune bright and stirring. I looked down at the words at the bottom of the page and found them to be a patriotic hymn. ‘Ah,’ I thought, ‘patriotic, that is just the tune for a patriotic hymn. America shall have

one of her own.' I reached for a scrap of waste paper, and in less than an hour 'America' was written, very nearly as you see it to-day."

The hymn was first sung by the Sunday School children in Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,—
To Thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Henry Van Dyke has suggested that the following two stanzas be added to this song:

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves and giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy river's mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
All thy domains.

Thy silver eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Fronting the west;
Thy flowery southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air—
O, land beyond compare,
Thee I love best.

Whether we agree with Dr. Van Dyke or not about adding these two stanzas to "America," we can feel their beauty and the patriotism that inspired them.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Tell the story of the origin of this song.
2. How is every one made to feel that the song is his own?
3. How many things mentioned endear our country to us?
4. In what spirit should the first three stanzas be sung?
5. What spirit seems to enrapture all hearts and awaken in them love of country?
6. What prayer is in the closing stanza?
7. What does this hymn now call to mind and consecrate in our country's history?
8. Have the whole school sing the hymn with the thought of all it stands for.

REFERENCES

BROOKS: Our Native Land.
LANIER: America.
THOMPSON: Rule, Britannia!
ROUGET DE LISLE: The Marseillaise.
MAX SCHNECKENBURGER: Die Wacht am Rhein.
God Save the King.
Russian National Hymn.
Austrian National Hymn.
Swedish National Hymn.
TIMBOD: Carolina.
BATES: America.
TAYLOR: America.
DICKINSON: Hail, Columbia!
HOVEY: Unmanifest Destiny.
BRYANT: America.
JOSEPH HOPKINSON: Hail, Columbia!
MONTGOMERY: My Country.
MORRIS: I'm With You Once Again.
VAN DYKE: "America for Me."

OUR NATIVE LAND

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh
Guarding with watchful eye
To Thee aloud we cry,
"God save the State!"

—C. T. Brooks.

PAUL'S SPEECH ON MARS HILL

THE apostle Paul was a man who knew how to do things. He attempted to do just one thing and he did it with all his might. He felt that his work was to establish the divine kingdom on earth. After he had traveled through Asia Minor and established churches there and had taught the message of the Christian religion throughout the cities of Macedonia,¹ he set sail for Athens, the capital city of Greece. While there "his spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." On every corner he saw busts of Hermes,² and at every turn he saw temples to the various Greek gods. In fact, everything that the Greek did not understand he worshiped as a god. Sunrise, sunset, echo, the storms at sea, changes of season, even day and night, were worshiped as gods. Lest they might omit some deity and thus bring the deity's wrath upon themselves, the Athenians even erected an altar inscribed, "To the Unknown God." So fervently did they believe in their religion that their laws required that any one who taught other gods should be put to death. Into such a situation came Paul, the great missionary, with his heart burning with enthusiasm to overthrow such a false system. He went about the city and in the synagogues protesting against such a religious system. The Greek philosophers contended against

¹ Pronounced mās'ē-dō'nī-ā.

² Pronounced hūr'mēz.

him. They called him "babbler" and one who set forth "strange gods." Finally they took him up to the Areopagus,¹ directing him to explain fully his teachings, and said to him, "We would know, therefore, what these things mean." Paul's fuller explanation, in which he answered their question and proclaimed the doctrine of one God, is given in the following address.

PAUL'S SPEECH ON MARS HILL

Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are very religious.

For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands;

Neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things;

And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation;

That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us:

For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring.

Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.

¹ Pronounced ār'ē-ōp'a-gŭs.

And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent:

Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by *that* man whom he hath ordained; *whereof* he hath given assurance unto all *men*, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

NOTES

1. *Areopagus*. The Mars Hill council where public questions were frequently discussed.
2. *To the Unknown God*. Paul used this inscription to justify himself in proclaiming a God the Greeks had never known.
3. *Temples made with hands*. Many beautiful Greek temples were in sight of Paul as he stood before the Greeks.
4. *Worshiped with men's hands*. Paul believed in the spirit of true worship and not in idolatrous worship.
5. *As certain also of your poets have said*. Paul refers to the legend recited by the Greek poet, Homer, in which Homer tells how Athene, patron goddess of Athens, sprang fully armed from the head of Zeus, the father of the gods. The Greeks were supposed to have descended directly from the gods.
6. *Very religious*. The reading is *too superstitious* in the King James Version, but the literal translation of the original is *very religious*.
7. Be prepared to define and to give meanings of the following words and expressions: religious, devotions, inscription, temples made with hands, one blood, determined, bounds of their habitations, haply, offspring of God, times of this ignorance, winked, repent.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Under what circumstances did Paul deliver this address?
2. Tell something of the Greek religion at the time Paul made this address.
3. Why did Paul say, "I perceive that in all things ye are very religious"?
4. What explanation did he give to support this statement?

5. Why did he mention the inscription "To the Unknown God"?
6. What did the Greeks mean by the Unknown God?
7. What tact is shown on Paul's part in the fact that he declared to them the Unknown God?
8. Why did he mention that the God he declared unto them dwelt not in temples made with hands?
9. Explain "Neither is worshiped with men's hands."
10. Why did not the God of Paul need any thing?
11. What are the attributes of this God according to Paul?
12. Explain "In him we live, and move, and have our being."
13. Why did Paul refer to what the Greek poets said?
14. Explain "For we are also his offspring."
15. By what logic did Paul expose the fallacy of idolatrous worship?
16. Explain "the times of this ignorance God winked at."
17. What reference did Paul make to the resurrection of Jesus?
18. Summing up this entire speech, state just what religious doctrine Paul taught to these Greeks.
19. Why was he not put to death for such teaching?

REFERENCES

Speech of Paul before Festus and Agrippa, Acts 26.

PLATO: Apology.

ANSELM: Cur Deus Homo.

First Corinthians 13.

John 1.

SHAKESPEARE: Mark Antony's Address in *Julius Caesar*.

PATRICK HENRY: A Call to Arms.

WEBSTER: Reply to Hayne.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

—*Shakespeare.*

ANNABEL LEE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

NOTHING in the life of Edgar Allan Poe so endeared him to the public as his loving devotion to his wife, the beautiful Virginia. Though oppressed by a biting poverty that would have embittered many toward everything in life, he was her constant attendant as she sank, a victim to the ravages of consumption. His fidelity to this fadeless love called forth the following beautiful lyric in memory of their "more than love."

The sublimest melodies of all literature seem to have been poured from breaking hearts. If the highly sensitive poet is capable of expressing most beautifully the sorrows of life, he is also capable of feeling them most keenly.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What was the kingdom by the sea?
2. What is the great thought in the first stanza?
3. What is a love that is more than love?
4. Poe was twenty-seven when he married. Why does he say,
"I was a child"?

5. What thought is repeated?
6. What characteristic of the poet is revealed in this repeated thought?
7. What expression in the poem shows the intensity of the love?
8. What kind of love does he indicate *is* deathless?
9. How does he account for the death of Annabel Lee?
10. Why does he blame the wind for killing her?
11. Who was her highborn kinsman?
12. Why has the author chosen the kingdom and the tomb by the "sounding sea" as an appropriate setting?
13. Why was their love stronger than that of those older and far wiser?
14. Would the white lily or the red rose best symbolize the nature of this love?
15. The new blown snow or the flaming sunset?

REFERENCES

WILLIAM DOUGLAS: Annie Laurie.

BURNS: To Mary in Heaven.

COWPER: On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture.

BYRON: Bright be the Place of Thy Soul. She Walks in Beauty.
Fare Thee Well.

BROWNING: Evelyn Hope. Last Ride Together. My Star. Prospice.

WHITTIER: Benedicite.

OWEN MEREDITH: Indian Love-Song.

LOUISA MCCARTNEY CRAWFORD: Kathleen Mavourneen.

PINCKNEY: A Health.

MOORE: Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.

TAYLOR: Bedouin Song.

WORDSWORTH: She Was a Phantom of Delight.

ROGERS: The Rosary.

THOMAS MOORE: The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.— *Thackeray*.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

ALTHOUGH his poetry is characterized as being rugged as his New England hills, few have written more feelingly of persons and things in the humbler walks of life than John G. Whittier.

Himself sprung from this rank in life, he had sounded



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WHISTLING BOY.—*Rudolf Eickemeyer*

the height and depth of Yankee farm life. Since much of his genius was expended in a noble and telling struggle

Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day, 20
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools:
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude 25
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young, 30
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine; 35
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks, 40
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy! 45

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees, 50
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;

For my taste the blackberry cone Purpled over hedge and stone; Laughed the brook for my delight Through the day and through the night,— Whispering at the garden wall, Talked with me from fall to fall; Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond, Mine the walnut slopes beyond, Mine, on bending orchard trees, Apples of Hesperides! Still, as my horizon grew, Larger grew my riches too; All the world I saw or knew Seemed a complex Chinese toy, Fashioned for a barefoot boy!	55 60 65
Oh for festal dainties spread, Like my bowl of milk and bread,— Pewter spoon and bowl of wood, On the door-stone, gray and rude! O'er me, like a regal tent, Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent, Purple-curtained, fringed with gold, Looped in many a wind-swung fold; While for music came the play Of the pied frogs' orchestra; And, to light the noisy choir, Lit the fly his lamp of fire. I was monarch: pomp and joy Waited on the barefoot boy!	70 75 80
Cheerily, then, my little man, Live and laugh, as boyhood can! Though the flinty slopes be hard, Stubble-speared the new-mown sward, Every morn shall lead thee through Fresh baptisms of the dew; Every evening from thy feet Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:	85 90

All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil, 95
 Up and down in ceaseless moil:
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin. 100
 Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Why does the poet wish for blessings on the boy?
2. Why does he insert "From my heart"? (L. 9.)
3. Explain why he calls the boy a prince and the grown man a republican.
4. Explain carefully the meaning of lines 13 to 16.
5. From lines 22 to 39 who is the boy's most successful teacher?
6. Why does the poet think the boy is happy? (Ll. 42-44.)
7. What is "boyhood's time of June"?
8. What is a "brief moon"?
9. How are years crowded in this?
10. Explain line 64.
11. What is the characteristic of a "*Chinese*" toy.
12. Explain the use of "happy." (Ll. 96-98.)
13. Point out all differences in lot in lines 82 to 90 and 91 to 102.
14. What change in mood in the last twelve lines?
15. What joy does the barefoot boy have which is denied to older persons?

REFERENCES

- VAN DYKE: The Ruby Crowned Knight.
 HAMLIN GARLAND: A Wish.
 WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR: To Youth.
 LOWELL: Aladdin.
 LONGFELLOW: My Lost Youth.
 RILEY: A Poor Man's Wealth.
 STODDARD: It Never Comes Again.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

JULIA WARD HOWE

THE fascinating historical setting of this poem is given in the *Adviser and Review* for January, 1893. On the occasion of a great gathering in Boston to hear the thrilling lecture of Chaplain McCabe upon "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison," Mrs. Howe, a platform guest of honor, was invited to speak. She told, on that memorable occasion, how she came to write the "Battle Hymn."

She was in Washington with her husband, who, too old to fight, kept close watch of every movement made during all those years of war. They had been out one day to see a review which was suddenly postponed by a skirmish that took place not far from the city.

As they rode slowly homeward, listening to the bands and the boys rendering "John Brown's Body," James Freeman Clarke, who was of the party (and the pastor of Mrs. Howe, in her Boston home), said to her, "Mrs. Howe, why don't you write a hymn which the Boys in Blue can sing to that tune?"

Mrs. Howe replied that she had often wished she could, and the matter was dropped. The next morning she wakened in the gray dawn and began to think again about that hymn she wanted so much to write. As she thought more and more intently, it began to come to her, one line after another, until she had the entire hymn in mind. She arose hastily and in the dim twilight

wrote it out, letting her pencil shape blindly the words she did not even try to see. This was her habit in composing verses.

Later in the day she was able to decipher the hastily scrawled lines which she probably could not have *unraveled* after a longer delay. And thus our valued Battle Hymn was preserved to us.

This hymn was first sung by Chaplain McCabe, and he sang it first while in Libby Prison.

"And then," Mrs. Howe modestly concluded, "after Chaplain McCabe's splendid voice had sung it and the soldiers had taken it up and the North was learning to love it, *then* people began to ask *who wrote it.*"

"Julia Ward Howe felt her heart throb with sympathy for a million slaves. She was oppressed with the thought of the great sin that her nation had committed. She saw the gathering of myriads of fighting men to overwhelm the defenders of slavery. She has seen the camp-fires of the soldiers in those ninety forts that encircled and defended Washington. It comes to her that God Himself is moving in the midst of this army, that He has pronounced His will, and that His omnipotent power is on the side of the North. As we think of this host of soldiers, of this just cause, of the aroused wrath of God, there comes a determination that this rebellion shall be quelled, that this blot shall be removed, that men shall be tested by fire and by blood. All this shall be done, it cannot be prevented, for God has willed it. . . . In an upper room in a lodging house in London, a group of war correspondents are

celebrating the approach of war in the Soudan. Led by the veteran, the Nilghai, they sing the American song, 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.' They sing the first stanza, and the second, and the third, and the fourth. Then they pause. Cassavetti, the Frenchman, proud of his knowledge, starts the last verse, — but grizzled old Torpenhow, the veteran of a dozen campaigns, holds up his hand and says, 'Hold on. We've nothing to do with that. That belongs to another man.' — Sherman and Reed, *Essentials*, pp. 9-11.

This is the greatest war song in the language to declare God's irresistible power and to point through fiercest conflict to certain triumph and peace.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword.

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps.

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemnners, so with you My grace
shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel,

Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-
seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my
feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Tell how the Battle Hymn came to be written and sung.
2. Why did God seem to be the moving force in the efforts to put down slavery?
3. Explain the first line; the second.
4. In what sense had they "built Him an altar in the evening dews and damps"?
5. What is the "righteous sentence"?
6. Interpret in your own words the "fiery gospel" in the third stanza.
7. Explain the second line in stanza four.
8. Why did the last stanza so affect the grizzled old Torpenhow?
9. What change occurs in the wording of the refrain at the close of each stanza?
10. What is added to the meaning of the refrain with each successive stanza?
11. What is the secret of the power of this poem over the hearts of men?

REFERENCES

Father Abraham.
KEY: Star Spangled Banner.
SMITH: America.
EMMETT: Dixie.
Bonnie Blue Flag.
When Johnnie Comes Marching Home.
FINCH: The Blue and the Gray.
BRYANT: The Battlefield.
LONGFELLOW: The Arsenal.
HOPKINSON: Hail, Columbia!

THE LADY OF THE GREY ISLE

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

IT is easier to plan great things than to do them. Many of us with the best of intentions plan to accomplish much. When we are face to face with the tasks, we find the tasks are harder than we thought. The hero in the following story thought he could accomplish much more than he was able to do. When confronted by all the terrors of his task, his heart failed him. The great dragon with a roar so fierce that the castle quaked, coming with wide-open jaws from which great flames and black smoke issued, caused the stout heart of the knight to quail, and it is not strange that he turned and fled without accomplishing the task he had set for himself.

This intensely vivid and interesting story springs from a folk-tale of the Middle Ages. It was handed down orally for many generations and was finally written in brief story form by Sir John Mandeville in his "Voiage and Travaile." Upon this incident the poet, William Morris, has based his beautiful poem, "The Lady of the Land" in his "Earthly Paradise." The story as here given is an adaptation of the folk-tale in the language of early romance.

THE LADY OF THE GREY ISLE

In a far-off sea, as wayfaring men tell, is a grey rock island, bleak and windswept and ever washed by the tumbling waters. And as men pass the isle, often they hear a voice, as it were the voice of the sweetest singer this side Paradise. And ever she sings in words that the sailors know, whether they be English or French or even Saracens. And these are in English the words of the song:

Grey is the day,
And my isle is grey.
 (Doom, black doom.)
Deep is the sigh
Of a heart heaped high
 With doom, black doom.

Many men there are who have heard the song, and many good knights withal, but they have heard the word "doom" and their souls have been chilled, for they have well deemed that the singer is some fair-seeming monster who would destroy them.

But wise men say that a Christian knight, be he brave enough to go upon the isle and endure all the terrors that he shall see and hear, shall be lord of that grey isle and of many fair-fruitful islands that lie thereabout, and shall have to wife the most beautiful lady that has lived in the world since strong Troy was burned. But no knight may go with fighting men or with squire, for a knight that goeth thus shall be lost amid the grey rocks and shall be cast into the fierce-foaming waters.

Once in the long ago, it is told, a good knight of Rhodes, hearing the song and pitying the unknown one who sang it, came upon the isle. Bleak it looked, and waste, and the chill rain and the drear-sounding salt sea joined to wash the grey rocks.

As the knight stood on that forsaken shore, he heard again the voice of the singer, but now she sang new words, and more sadly sweet:

My body is fair;
Bright gold, my hair.
 (Doom, black doom.)
But no knight is brave
My body to save
 From doom, black doom.

Led by the tones of that voice, the knight stumbled along the rocky shore, when suddenly he saw before him the black mouth of a cave. And, as he looked, there appeared, far within the cave, a light, like to the light that burned before the high altar in the church where the knight was used to hear Mass. And the light moved, as if it would beckon him on. So he entered the cave.

Then straightway the light went out, and the song ceased, and on went the knight in darkness and silence. Now there were jagged rocks over which he must climb, and now there was water through which he must wade. But brave was the knight, and he went steadily forward, though he knew not what might be the end of his journey.

By and by the cave seemed to grow lighter, and the path easier. Ere long the knight came to a waste wood, tall of trees, but with thick bushes below. Again he heard the voice of the singer, now nearer and from within the wood, but without words, or with words in some strange tongue.

"Now we shall see whether the adventure be fair or foul," said the knight, and plunged into the waste wood, and the song ceased.

Sore hurt was he of the brambles; and, cut before him with his sword as he might, he went through the bushes but slowly. But in course of time he came to a clearing in the wood, wherein stood a castle, great and dark and lonely. About it was a moat, in which the water lay black and unruffled. The drawbridge was down, and the knight crossed it.

There was no gateward, but a great horn hung beside the inner entrance to the castle (which stood open). The knight blew three blasts on the horn, and every blast echoed through the hall as echoes the voice of one who cries in a vast empty church. And the knight shouted,

"Now cometh a Christian knight. If any man do battle, let him come hither, or else hereafter hinder not."

The knight paused. No sound came to him save the sound of his own voice as it seemed to echo against some far-away wall. Then he blew the horn again, and its blast echoed through the hall. Then he made bold to enter, and was in a great hall, hung with tapestries whereon were pictures of heroes long forgotten, bearing shields and swords of a far-distant day. Faded and dusty and moth-eaten were the tapestries.

To the right was an open door, and through it the knight passed. The floor of the room was of white marble, and at the farther end there was as it were a dais, whereon was a couch covered over with cloth of gold. And on the couch lay the fairest woman the knight had ever seen, and she combed her gold-shining hair with a comb of gold, and her hair fell about the couch upon the floor of the dais, and shone as shineth a heap of gold in the treasure-house. Her skin was whiter than the white marble of the floor. All about her lay great heaps of gold, and pearls such as are nowhere else in the world. And, though the knight was doughty, yet trembled he, deeming that he was enchanted, or that the lady had lured him to his destruction.

And the lady looked upon him and cried sadly, "Art thou the knight?"

And the knight was astonished and answered not.

So she cried again, yet more sadly, "Art thou the knight?"

And, as again he answered not for wonder and fear, she came down and stood before him on the marble floor, with the glistening of her bright hair about her. Then she spoke kindly to the knight and said,

"Fearest thou that I will deal treacherously with thee? Nay, true am I as I am fair, and me-seemeth, too, thou art the good knight that should come.

"For know that I am a daughter of Hippocrates of olden Greece, and have lived long — how long, I know not — through enchantment of the goddess Diana. Would that the enchantment were ended, not that I love

not long life, but that happiness of a few days and then long rest were better than undying misery.

"If thou art a true knight, and, as I deem, the knight that should set me free, go and stand at the drawbridge of the castle, and, when I shall come, kiss me upon the mouth and delay not, though I were fiercer than Medusa herself. Then shalt thou have all this treasure and this isle and many fair-fruitful isles hereabout — and me also shalt thou have, albeit but for a short time. Art thou brave?"

The knight was consumed with longing for the lady, and he answered, "I am brave."

Then said she, "Thou art the knight."

So he went and stood at the drawbridge of the castle. And anon there came a roar as of some great beast, and a fierce heat, as of a furnace, came from the castle. And the knight drew his sword from its scabbard and gripped it in his hand.

And anon he saw before him within the hall a dragon, so great that it filled all that great hall, and it glared upon him with its strange huge eyes. Great green and blue and yellow scales were upon its head, and its body writhed like the body of a snake. From its mouth came hot breath and flames of red fire. Yet the knight stirred not. The dragon moved forward, and brake down the great stones that were built about the inner gate of the castle, for otherwise the dragon could find no passage, so great was it. Still the knight stirred not.

Then the dragon gave a roar so fierce that the whole castle quaked, and the dragon came toward the knight with jaws open. Great flames and black smoke poured out, as it were long flashes of lightning from a vast black cloud. And, not knowing what he did, the knight turned and fled through the waste wood and the long black cave, the hot breath of the dragon following him the while. And it seemed he heard behind him ever a voice crying,

"Thou art not the knight. Thou art not the knight."

Anon the knight reached the black rocks and the shore, where the tumbling waves rolled. And looking not behind him, the knight plunged into the water, accoutred

in his armor, and swam out into the sea. Then in his swimming he looked back, and saw upon a grey rock the fair lady sitting, and her gold-shining hair all disheveled, and it seemed she was weeping, and her voice came to him across the water,

"Thou art not the knight."

Well-nigh wearied was the knight of his toil in the water, when he saw beside him a skiff, wherein were two men. They drew him into the skiff, and gave him food and drink. Then told he the story of the lady of the grey isle; and when he had ended telling it, he was dead. And, for that they were countrymen of his, they carried his body to Rhodes, where ye may now see his tomb.

But the fair lady still dwells on the grey isle, in form like a dragon save when some knight be about to come upon the isle. But ever she may sing with the voice of a woman, as it were the voice of the sweetest singer in this vain world. And these are the words of the song:

Grey is the day,
And my isle is grey.
(Doom, black doom.)
Deep is the sigh
Of a heart heaped high
With doom, black doom.

NOTES

1. Read Morris's "The Lady of the Land," if it is accessible.
2. Report other stories or myths which you think are somewhat similar to this.
3. Have some member of the class report interesting and profitable myths or fairy tales.
4. *Troy*. An ancient city in Asia Minor, far famed for its rivalry with the Greeks who finally destroyed the city.
5. *Squire*. A shield bearer or armor bearer of a knight.
6. *Rhodes*. An island in the Mediterranean Sea, between Greece and Asia Minor.
7. *Mass*. The service wherein the Holy Communion is celebrated.
8. *Me-seemeth*. It seems to me.

9. *Hippocrates*. A celebrated Greek physician born about 460 B. C., who believed that the chief curative agents were diet, medicinal waters, fresh air, and exercise.
10. *Diana*. An Italian goddess of the chase identified with Artemis, the Greek goddess who was also represented as a huntress. Both these goddesses were referred to as moon goddesses.
11. *Medusa*. One of the three terrible sisters known as Gorgons. Medusa had snaky hair, was of terrific aspect, and turned every beholder to stone. So fierce was she that Perseus, the great hero, succeeded in cutting off her head only by looking at her reflection in his shield.
12. Be prepared to pronounce and give meaning of the following words and expressions as here used: wayfaring, deemed, fair-seeming, fair-fruitful, beckon, moat, drawbridge, gateward, tapestries, dais, dragon, writhed, accoutred, disheveled.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Tell something of the origin of this story.
2. Where is the scene of this story laid?
3. What is the mood of the sweet singer's song?
4. Why do men's hearts recoil at the word "doom"?
5. What led the knight of Rhodes to follow the song?
6. What kind of knight is he at the outset?
7. What experiences did the knight have in the waste wood?
8. What were the words of the knight as he entered the castle?
9. In your own words, describe the hall.
10. Describe the lady whom the knight now saw.
11. Why did he tremble?
12. Why did not the knight answer the lady's questions?
13. What explanation did the lady now make?
14. What type of knight was required to set her free?
15. What led the knight to declare, "I am brave"?
16. Explain, "Thou art the knight."
17. Upon what condition was the knight to secure the fair lady and her castle with lands and treasures?
18. Just how brave did the knight prove himself to be?
19. What caused him to turn and run?

20. Explain, "Thou art not the knight."
21. What was the knight's fate?
22. Write what you think would be a good moral to this tale.

REFERENCES

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GRIMM BROTHERS: The Sleeping Beauty.
ROGERS: Ginevra.
TENNYSON: The Lady of Shalott.
ROLPH: Tales of Chivalry.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS: The Dreaming Muse.
JEAN INGELow: Failure.
WORDSWORTH: Character of the Happy Warrior.
HUBBARD: A Message to Garcia.
ARNOLD: Self Dependence.
EMERSON: Essays — Self Reliance.
WORDSWORTH: Ode to Duty.
S. A. PYE: Courage.
GAYLEY: Classic Myths.
KEATS: "Bright Star, would I were steadfast as thou art."

A MAN'S TASK

To be honest, to be kind; to earn a little, and to spend less; to make upon the whole a family happier by his presence; to renounce where that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself — here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THEODORE O'HARA

THE horrors of war make us sometimes wish it were not the theme of so many poems. Few conditions of national life, however, are conducive to so elevated a spirit of patriotism as the time immediately succeeding a war carried on by participants fighting for what they rightly or wrongly judge a just cause.

Theodore O'Hara, a fiery American of Irish parentage, was of a spirit whose patriotism knew no bounds. A soldier, who had performed valiant service for his country on foreign soil, and had shed his blood at her behest, he was a fitting eulogist of his dead comrades-at-arms. The following poem was written in memory of the Kentucky soldiers who had been killed in the battle of Buena Vista, and whose ashes were being removed to their native state. Its stirring word pictures, its dignified and mournful melody, and its proud and profound appreciation of the valor of those whose lives had been given to their country, brought a prompt and thankful response from loyal hearts. Carved on slabs of stone and graven on tablets of bronze, stanzas of this poem have been placed by order of the government in Arlington Cemetery near Washington, and in nearly all the other national soldiers' burying grounds provided by this nation.

It has become an international funeral hymn to martyred soldiers, as is shown by its having been se-

lected for an epitaph on a monument erected on a battle field of the distant Crimea.¹

BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past.
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

¹ Pronounced krī-mē'ā.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death!"

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their father's gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.

Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war the richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What spirit prevails in the first four stanzas?
2. To what are the next four devoted?
3. Why was the watchword "Victory or Death"?
4. Who was the stout old chieftain, line 51?
5. Where were the "rivers of their fathers' gore" shed?

6. What spirit is noticeable in stanza 9?
7. What has been done in stanza 10?
8. How are these dead embalmed?
9. Explain "dear as the blood ye gave."
10. How does the close differ from the opening stanza?
11. Why is the spot where Valor sleeps "hallowed"?
12. To what does he refer in the first line of the last stanza?
13. What is a deathless song?
14. How can it be told by voiceless stone?

REFERENCES

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WORDSWORTH: Character of the Happy Warrior.
BOKER: Dirge for a Soldier.
CAMPBELL: Hohenlinden. The Soldier's Dream.
CLOUGH: Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth.
STORY: Io Victis.
BYRON: On the Star of "The Legion of Honor."
LONG: The Capitol at Washington.
LOVELACE: To Lucasta.
RILEY: The Silent Victors.
TIMROD: At Magnolia Cemetery.
J. C. ZEDLITZ: The Midnight Review.
BAYARD TAYLOR: A Song in Camp.
BRYANT: The Battlefield.
W. G. MCKABE: Christmas Night of '62.
-

NO LAND LIKE OURS

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore.
Thou art the shelter of the free
The home, the port of liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be
Till time is o'er.

—James Gates Percival

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

JOHN G. SAXE

THE spectacle of six *blind men* going to see an elephant is sufficient to arouse keen interest at once. They are learned men of Indostan¹; wise men of the far East. Each will observe what he can concerning the strange animal, then they will compare notes. Strangely enough, each will describe the elephant as his observation and experience suggest. If differences of opinion arise, each wise man will stoutly insist that he is right, for his opinion is based on experience.

The poet has left it for us to see through this odd picture the great world of observing and contending souls, each deciding the great questions of life in the light of the little truth he has, and loath to accept the experience of others. The slave owner and slave trader contended that God designed the black race to be a race of slaves. The brewer and the saloon-keeper contend against prohibition and abstinence. Anarchist and patriot are at sword's point. Religious denominations with common aims are at variance with each other. Political parties are antagonistic. Men have even burned their fellow-men at the stake in the name of the God of Love they all serve. Each looks at life his own way, and regards as God's will what he would fain believe. So in this simple picture of these contending blind men, we see the great world in miniature. From the deeper

¹ Pronounced in'dô-stân'.

meaning of the picture, we get these truths among others which crowd themselves upon us:

(1) Two men may differ from each other and both be honest.

(2) "We would love each other better
If we only understood."

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"Why, bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk
Cried: "Ho! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
To me 't is very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand
 And felt about the knee:
 "What most this wondrous beast is like
 Is very plain," quoth he:
 "'T is clear enough the elephant
 Is very like a tree!"

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
 Said: "E'en the blindest man
 Can tell what this resembles most;
 Deny the fact who can,
 This marvel of an elephant
 Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
 About the beast to grope,
 Than, seizing on the swinging tail
 That fell within his scope,
 "I see," quoth he, "the elephant
 Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
 Disputed loud and long,
 Each in his own opinion
 Exceeding stiff and strong;
 Though each was partly in the right,
 And all were in the wrong.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Why are *learned* men chosen?
2. In what sense did these *blind* men go to *see* the elephant?
3. Explain the word *observation* as used in the first stanza.
4. State the experience each man had with the elephant and tell the conclusion each drew.
5. Why did each hold so strongly to his own opinion?
6. In what sense were all in the wrong?
7. How, then, are their differences of opinion to be explained?

8. Give instances from life in which differences of opinion are similarly formed and explained.
9. What truths of life are here illustrated?

REFERENCES

KIPLING: L'Envoi. The Bell Buoy.

LOWELL: Yussouf.

EMERSON: The Mountain and the Squirrel.

SARAH HALE: It Snows.

CARRUTH: Each in His Own Tongue.

NONE OF HIS BEAUTY IS WASTED *

For none of His beauty is wasted; the song-birds that
sweetly warble
Unheard in the pristine forest, the flowers that lavishly
blossom
On mountain heights far from the haunts of men, the bed
of the ocean
Strewn with rich pearls and sea-mosses, and likewise the
vast boundless space
Of the universe radiant all over with splendors bright-
tinted —
These, yea! all these and more, in His own good time shall
contribute
Their meed of the grandeur that makes up His kingdom
of glory.

— *William A. McKeever.*

* From "The Pioneer," by William A. McKeever, and used by the courteous permission of the author.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

THESE tender lines were written in 1867 by Judge Finch, a resident of New York State. The heart of the country, yet torn and bleeding as a result of the war just closed, was softened by the fast-spreading news that, on Decoration Day of that year the women of Columbus, Mississippi, had strewn flowers "Alike for the friend and the foe" — on the graves of Confederate and Union soldiers. If the women of the Southland, in the anguish of defeat, could forgive, who could longer cherish bitterness and hatred? Judge Finch seized upon the suggestion of this beautiful deed of the southern women and wrote this poem, so full of tenderness and forgiveness, which made the chords that were broken vibrate once more, for he says, "They banish our anger forever, when they laurel the graves of our dead." Victor and vanquished clasped hands across the chasm, and all bitterness of heart was dissolved in a deluge of "love and tears."

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the one, the Blue,
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Who were the "Blue"? The "Gray"? Why so called?
2. Explain clearly the meaning of the first two lines.
3. What connection between "robings of glory" and "laurel" in the second stanza? Between "gloom of defeat" and "willow"?
4. What is the significance of "roses" and "lilies" in the third stanza?
5. What was the "touch impartially tender"?
6. How do the last two lines of the stanza show this?
7. What was "the storm of the years that are fading"?
8. Explain fully, "No braver battle was won."
9. What do you think prompted the women of the South to do this "generous deed"?
10. What does the poet declare was accomplished for the whole country by it?

REFERENCES

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CARLETON: Cover Them Over. To the Unknown Dead.
United at Last.

FIELD: Soldier, Maiden, and Flower.

MAURICE THOMPSON: A Prophecy.

PAINE: The New Memorial Day.

READ: The Brave at Home.

KNOX: Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD: Over Their Graves.

BEN WOOD DAVIS: Decoration Ode.

TIMROD: At Magnolia Cemetery.

T. W. HIGGINSON: Decoration.

KATE OSGOOD: Driving Home the Cows.

JOHN R. THOMPSON: Music in Camp.

RUPERT HUGHES: For Decoration Days.

LOWELL: Centennial Hymn.

TENNYSON: Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead.

RILEY: The Silent Victors.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

The poetry of earth is never dead:

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury — he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half-lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

— *John Keats.*

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

ALFRED TENNYSON

“THIS melody of tears,” says Tennyson, “was made in a Lincolnshire lane at five o’clock in the morning, between blossoming hedges,” but the poet’s thoughts were far away at Clevedon, where the body of his beloved friend, Arthur Hallam, lay buried by the sea. With heart grief-crushed, he hears in fancy the slow, measured “swish,” “swish,” “swish,” of the waves as they beat upon the shore. Above the dull, monotonous pulse-beats of the sea, he hears the glad shouts of children and the song of the sailor lad. But the waves of unutterable grief beat in upon his breaking heart, and the sad, low music of the sea is given soul and voice in the beautiful melody.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman’s boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish’d hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What event in Tennyson's life called forth this poem?
2. Under what circumstances was it written?
3. What has made Tennyson's soul so responsive to the sea?
4. Why does he now confide his grief to the sea?
5. What, to Tennyson, does the sea suggest?
6. With what do the words, "Break, break, break," keep time in fancy?
7. What in the poem shows the poet's heart mellowed, sensitized, but not embittered by grief?
8. For what does the soul of Tennyson most yearn?
9. In what delicate sense is the sentiment of this poem that of every sorrowing heart?

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 Crossing the Bar. Vastness.
 LONGFELLOW: The Bridge.
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 WORDSWORTH: Lucy.
 HALLECK: On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.
 MARY MAPES DODGE: The Two Mysteries.
 DICKINSON: If I Could Keep Some Heart From Breaking.
 SHELLEY: A Lament.
 O. E. L. HOLMES: You Put No Flowers on My Papa's Grave.
-

Show me the man you honor. I know by that symptom, better than any other, what you are yourself. For you show me then what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE BUGLE SONG

ALFRED TENNYSON

THIS song is a perfect specimen of Tennyson's lyrical art. It was a great favorite with the poet for reading aloud, and no boast of Tennyson's living disciples is prouder than that they have heard the author himself read the Bugle Song. This song was suggested by an incident on Lake Killarney,¹ which Tennyson visited in 1842 and again in 1848. He heard the clear notes of a boatman's bugle and listened intently as old Eagle's Nest and its neighboring peaks hurled back the strange music in sweet fairy echoes which seemed at last to die away "on hill or field or river." He saw beneath the distant hills, gilded by the sunset light, old Ross Castle on its picturesque island, and in hill and castle he read in imagination the tales of legendary heroes. Under the spell of Nature's enchantment, and charmed by the elfish music, the poet sees in the mountain peaks "snowy summits old in story," in Torc Cascade near by, "the wild cataract" which "leaps in glory," and the dying echoes become the low sweet music of "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing."

In this charmed setting, Tennyson discerns higher meanings of life and influence. While the sweet echoes in nature become faint and fainter until they finally *die away*, "our echoes roll from soul to soul, and *grow* forever and forever." With this higher meaning, he now bids the bugle blow again, for the bugle call with

¹ Pronounced ki-lär'ní.

its myriad sweet echoes has taught him one of life's profoundest truths.

THE BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What pictures are given in the first stanza?
2. Explain "splendor falls," "old in story," "wild cataract."
3. Why speak of the echoes as *wild*?
4. Should the last two lines of each stanza be read so as to *imitate* or to *suggest* the bugle call and its answering echoes?
5. How has Tennyson made us eager to hear in fancy the dying echoes?
6. Explain "horns of Elfland."
7. To whom does the author seem to speak in the last stanza?



Lake Killarney

8. What strong contrast is presented in the stanza?
9. Is the influence of "our echoes" merely the *reciprocal* influence of love on two fond hearts?
10. What wider law is given as to the influence of one soul upon other souls?

REFERENCES

KIPLING: The Bell Buoy.

TURNER: The Buoy Bell.

POE: The Bells.

THOMAS MOORE: Echoes.

HOLMES: Chambered Nautilus.

O'ROURKE: Killarney.

JEAN INGELow: Echo.

TENNYSON: The Flower.

MACKAY: Song of Life.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH: Thought.

WORDSWORTH: Yes, it was a Mountain Echo. The Solitary Reaper.

LONGFELLOW: Arrow and Song.

WHITTIER: The Three Bells of Glasgow.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting Spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die!

—William Shakespeare.

THE BUILDERS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE poet Longfellow was keenly alive to such of his every-day surroundings as presented symbolic instances of the higher life. The distinct ethical value of artistic architectural surroundings has long been admitted. Poets and artists are highly sensitive to such influences. The frequency with which Mr. Longfellow refers to buildings and their architectural features as symbols, causes us to feel that this line of thought was a favorite one with him. As the good poet looked from his study windows or wandered about the streets, he watched walls and buildings, in process of construction, grow steadily, almost silently, block by block, under the hands of the workmen. Jutting frieze, groined arch, carved pillar, each, while pleasing to the eye, performed its part in strengthening and supporting the rest of the structure. The workmen were in turn raised above the earth level, their field of vision was broadened, their atmosphere became purer, as the "stairways" became longer and loftier. The careless or dishonest workman was ever a danger and menace not alone to himself but to his fellow-laborers as well. Hence the stirring exhortation that follows.

THE BUILDERS

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What is the relation of man to man as stated in stanza 1?
2. What is the relative importance of each man's work according to stanza 2?
3. Does that doctrine apply to folly as well as to serious building?
4. What plea is made for poetry in the first two stanzas?
5. Just what is the building upon which *we* are employed?
6. Where does the poet say didactically that living is a fine art?
7. How may a yawning gap be left between a *to-day* and a *yesterday*?
8. Where is there an exhortation to right physical life as well as to moral?
9. After reading "Ladder of St. Augustine," by the same author, find what the author had in mind in "broken stairways."
10. What then is Tennyson's thought in:
 "I hold it truth with him, who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things"?

REFERENCES

- LONGFELLOW: Ladder of St. Augustine.
HOLLAND: Gradatim.
EMERSON: The Problem. The House.
GOULD: A Name in the Sand.
EBENEZER ELLIOTT: The Builders.
PROCTER: One by One.

NATURE'S SONG

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no meter that's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.
—Madison Cawein.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

CHARLES WOLFE

THE author, an Irish scholar and admirer of Sir John Moore, wrote this poem after reading an account of the fate of that heroic leader at the Battle of Coruña,¹ Spain, between the English and the French, in 1809. Sir John Moore was the commander of the British troops. His Spanish allies having deserted him on hearing of the approach of Napoleon, he retreated to Corunna in a series of brilliant victories over his French pursuers, where he planned to embark for England and thus save his arms and army. He could no longer aid the Spanish cause when the Spaniards themselves had deserted their own flag. The French, fired with prospects of being joined by Napoleon, were emboldened to besiege the city and to attempt to capture the English troops before the transports arrived. After a two-day delay, the expected transports came, and the sick and wounded and the supplies, together with most of the artillery, had been placed on board guarded by fourteen thousand soldiers, when a French force of twenty thousand men disputed with them their right to embark. The French forces, reinforced by a powerful battery on the high ridge above, attempted to capture the embarking army. In the fierce trial of strength, the British gained a certain victory under the skilful direction of their heroic commander at the very moment when he was dashed to earth by a shot from the rock

¹ Pronounced kō-roon'yä.

battery above. After several hours of severe torture, the gallant leader passed away and his devoted followers determined to bury him, though hurriedly, in the soil made sacred by his own blood.

The poem describes the stealthy midnight burial in the citadel which he had defended with his life, and gives a faithful picture of the absolute devotion of these British soldiers to their beloved leader. The costly marble memorial erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, by an admiring English people, is less known and less admired than this delicately beautiful tribute which gives voice to the silent love and devotion of the British soldiers for their slain leader.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory!
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Why does not the poet praise the hero?
2. Why was the hero denied the honor of a soldier's burial?
3. Explain "useless coffin."
4. Why were the prayers "few and short"?
5. Why did the soldiers speak "not a word of sorrow"?
6. Why "bitterly thought of the morrow"?
7. Why think of the foe and stranger treading o'er his head?
8. Then why not bury him at sea?
9. Explain the two lines beginning, "But little he'll reck."
10. Why "heavy task"?
11. Why "carved not a line" nor raised a stone?
12. In what sense did they leave him alone in his glory?
13. Re-read the poem and select those expressions that indicate a hasty burial.
14. What touches reveal the intense loyalty of his soldiers?
15. In what respect does this poem contain a greater tribute than a costly marble memorial?

REFERENCES

The historical introduction is given here because the histories containing the story are not easily accessible to the average pupil. The complete record of this feature of the Peninsular Campaign is given in the following references:

- KNIGHT: Crown History of England.
NAPIER: History of the War in the Peninsula.
FOY: History of the War in the Peninsula.
GLEIG: Eminent British Military Commanders. General Sir John Moore.
JOMINI: Life of Napoleon. Ch. 13.
BURNS: Bannockburn.
GILDER: Burial of Grant.
ALEXANDER: Burial of Moses.
ALBEE: A Soldier's Grave.
BOKER: Dirge for a Soldier.
CAMPBELL: A Soldier's Dream.
RILEY: The Silent Victors. The Old Man and Jim.
O'HARA: The Bivouac of the Dead.
FINCH: The Blue and the Gray.
WHITMAN: O Captain! My Captain!
TENNYSON: Ode to the Duke of Wellington. Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead.
HAET: John Burns of Gettysburg.
BRYANT: The Battlefield.

PRAYER

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE RETURN OF REGULUS

ELIJAH KELLOGG

THE story of Regulus, as told by the Roman poets, is familiar to all who have read the history of the long, fierce struggles between the ancient cities of Rome and Carthage. Regulus and Manlius¹, the Roman consuls, were sent with a large fleet and a land army of a hundred forty thousand men against the hated Carthaginians. For nine years a bitter war had been waged between these two great rivals. The new Roman fleet was at once victorious against a larger fleet of the enemy. Under Regulus, the land forces gained many victories and captured many towns. Finally Xanthippus, a Spartan general, taught the Carthaginians to fight with elephants and bands of cavalry in the open plain. The result was, the Roman army was destroyed and Regulus was taken prisoner. After five years, when a decided Roman victory forced Carthage to sue for peace, the Carthaginians sent Regulus with their envoys to arrange the terms of peace. Regulus at first refused to enter Rome, since he was no longer a citizen. After this conscientious scruple was overcome, he refused to give his opinion in the senate until commanded to do so. Professor Botsford, in his *History of the Ancient World*, says:

“When finally he was persuaded to address the senate, he advised that body not to make peace or to

¹ Pronounced măn'li-ŭs.

ransom the captives, but to let them die in the land where they had disgraced themselves by surrender. Thus they would serve as an example to others; he would himself return and share their fate. In vain the senators remonstrated against this decision. While departing from Rome he kept his eyes fixed on the ground that he might not see his wife and children. Then, returning to Carthage in accordance with his oath, he is said to have suffered death by torture."

The common story is that he was put into a cask pierced with nails, whose points projected inward, and that he was rolled about in this cask until he expired.

The following story gives a fine interpretation of the sentiments which inspired the heart of the ancient patriot. In speaking of the story of Regulus, Professor Botsford concludes:

"It is a picture of a man who was absolutely faithful to his plighted word, of a stern patriot ready to sacrifice himself and his fellow-captives for what he believed to be his country's good, of a strong-willed man who knew his fate and walked resolutely to meet it."

THE RETURN OF REGULUS

The beams of the rising sun had gilded the lofty domes of Carthage, and given, with its rich and mellow light, a tinge of beauty even to the frowning ramparts of the outer harbor. Sheltered by the verdant shores, a hundred triremes were riding proudly at their anchors, their brazen

beaks glittering in the sun, their streamers dancing in the morning breeze, while many a shattered plank and timber gave evidence of desperate conflict with the fleets of Rome.

No murmur of business or of revelry arose from the city. The artisan had forsaken his shop, the judge his tribunal, the priest the sanctuary, and even the stern stoic had come forth from his retirement to mingle with the crowd that, anxious and agitated, were rushing toward the senate-house, startled by the report that Regulus had returned to Carthage.

Onward, still onward, trampling each other under foot, they rushed, furious with anger, and eager for revenge. Fathers were there, whose sons were groaning in fetters; maidens, whose lovers, weak and wounded, were dying in the dungeons of Rome, and gray-haired men and matrons, whom the Roman sword had left childless.

But when the stern features of Regulus were seen, and his colossal form towering above the ambassadors who had returned with him from Rome; when the news passed from lip to lip that the dreaded warrior, so far from advising the Roman senate to consent to an exchange of prisoners, had urged them to pursue, with exterminating vengeance, Carthage and Carthaginians,—the multitude swayed to and fro like a forest beneath a tempest, and the rage and hate of that tumultuous throng vented itself in groans, and curses, and yells of vengeance.

But calm, cold, and immovable as the marble walls around him, stood the Roman; and he stretched out his hand over that frenzied crowd, with gesture as proudly commanding as though he still stood at the head of the gleaming cohorts of Rome. The tumult ceased; the curse, half muttered, died upon the lip; and so intense was the silence, that the clanking of the brazen manacles upon the wrists of the captive fell sharp and full upon every ear in that vast assembly, as he thus addressed them:—

“Ye doubtless thought—for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own—that I would break my plighted oath, rather than, returning, brook your vengeance. I might give reasons for this, in Punic comprehension, most foolish

act of mine. I might speak of those eternal principles which make death for one's country a pleasure, not a pain. But, by great Jupiter! methinks I should debase myself to talk of such high things to you; to you, expert in womanly inventions; to you, well-skilled to drive a treacherous trade with simple Africans for ivory and gold!

"If the bright blood that fills my veins, transmitted free from godlike ancestry, were like that slimy ooze which stagnates in your arteries, I had remained at home, and broke my plighted oath to save my life. I am a Roman citizen; therefore have I returned, that ye might work your will upon this mass of flesh and bones, that I esteem no higher than the rags that cover them.

"Here, in your capital, do I defy you. Have I not conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels, since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you think to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered senate? The tearing of flesh and rending of sinews is but past-time compared with the mental agony that heaves my frame.

"The moon has scarce yet waned since the proudest of Rome's proud matrons, the mother upon whose breast I slept, and whose fair brow so oft had bent over me before the noise of battle had stirred my blood, or the fierce toil of war nerved my sinews, did, with fondest memory of bygone hours, entreat me to remain. I have seen her, who, when my country called me to the field, did buckle on my harness with trembling hands, while the tears fell thick and fast down the hard corselet scales—I have seen her tear her gray locks and beat her aged breast, as on her knees she begged me not to return to Carthage! and all the assembled senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. The puny torments which ye have in store to welcome me withal, shall be, to what I have endured, even as the murmur of a summer's brook to the fierce roar of angry surges on a rocky beach.

"Last night, as I lay fettered in my dungeon, I heard a strange, ominous sound; it seemed like the distant march

of some vast army, their harness clanging as they marched, when suddenly there stood by me Xanthippus, the Spartan general, by whose aid you conquered me, and, with a voice as low as when the solemn wind moans through the leafless forest, he thus addressed me:—

“ ‘Roman, I come to bid thee curse, with thy dying breath, this fated city: know that in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me. And then they thought to stain my brightest honor. But, for this foul deed, the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them here and hereafter.’ And then he vanished.

“And now, go bring your sharpest torments. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve and artery were a shooting pang. I die! but my death shall prove a proud triumph; and, for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers.

“Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud city of the waters! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman senators! thy citizens in terror! thy ships in flames! I hear the victorious shouts of Rome! I see her eagles glittering on thy ramparts. Proud city, thou art doomed! The curse of God is on thee—a clinging, wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the fretted gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook runs crimson to the sea.”

NOTES

1. Locate Rome and Carthage. In any good ancient history, read the story of the Punic wars.
2. The great wars between Carthage and Rome were called Punic, or Phœnician, wars because the city of Carthage was founded by the Phœnicians in 800 B. C. In this study, therefore, *Punic* means *Carthaginian*.
3. *Xanthippus*. Pronounced Zăn thîp' pûs.
4. *Regulus*. Pronounced Rêg' ū lûs.
5. *Jupiter* or *Jove*. The great guardian deity of Rome.

6. Give other instances from history in which men willingly died for their country's honor.
7. Be prepared to give the meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: frowning ramparts, verdant, trimmes, artisan, tribunal, stern stoic, fetters, colossal, ambassadors, exterminating vengeance, vented, gleaming cohorts, manacles, brook, plighted oath, harness, corselet scales, ominous sound, impending, puny, guilty realm, fretted gold.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Give a sketch of the history leading to the story of this selection.
2. Why had Regulus advised the Romans to refuse the terms of peace offered by the Carthaginians?
3. What is shown in the harbor scene in the first paragraph?
4. What effect did the report of Regulus' return have upon Carthage? Why?
5. What rumor now passed wildly from lip to lip?
6. What effect did the rumor have upon the multitude?
7. What was the effect of Regulus' commanding gesture?
8. What tells of the nature of the attention and respect shown him?
9. What did he say made the Carthaginians think he would break his plighted oath?
10. Why should his act seem foolish to the Carthaginians?
11. What was the proudest boast of Regulus, even though a captive in chains?
12. What proud boast emphasized his defiance?
13. Who had entreated him to break his oath and to remain in Rome?
14. What vision urged him to curse with dying breath the fated city?
15. How had the Carthaginians rewarded the conqueror of their enemy?
16. What to Regulus sweetens death?
17. What future does he predict for Carthage?
18. What connection is there between the treachery of the Carthaginians and "the curse of God"?
19. Give a summary of the noble traits of character shown in Regulus in this selection.

REFERENCES

- KELLOGG: Spartacus to the Gladiators.
PATTEN: The Seminole's Defiance.
KNOWLES: William Tell Among the Mountains.
MONTGOMERY: Arnold von Winkelried.
HALLECK: Marco Bozzaris.
BROWNING: Incident of the French Camp.
BARRY: The Place to Die.
MACAULAY: Horatius at the Bridge.
PRINCE: Who are the Free?
CROLY: Death of Leonidas.
-

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN

The bread that giveth life I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty drink and live:
I want to help the fainting day by day
For I am sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others joy for tears;
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears,
Beauty for ashes may I give away,
For I am sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away,
For I am sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith,
I want to do all that the Master sayeth,
I want to live aright from day to day,
For I am sure I shall not pass again this way.

— *Selected.*

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

JAMES T. FIELDS

THE dim cabin-light falls on the blanched face of the storm-beaten old sea-captain, a face stamped with lines of grim despair. His lip trembles as he seems to shout some word of certain peril to the huddling, terror-stricken souls, some kneeling at prayers, some listening shudderingly to the fierce roar of the hungry sea. By his side, grasping his icy hand eagerly in both of hers, is his little daughter, with peaceful up-turned face aglow with simple childish faith, seeming to ask some sweet, simple question that should still the storms within and make the weakest heart take courage. Such a picture might an artist paint to reveal the message of child-like faith contained in this poem.

Long hours the stout-hearted captain and his heroic crew had fought with Death till strength and courage failed. Even the iron nerves of the heroic old captain weakened, and he gave up in despair as he staggered, heart-sick, down the cabin stairs, shouting hopelessly, "We are lost." Above the angry roar of waves and wintry storm blast, above the agonizing prayers and cries of wild despair, his little daughter, seizing her father's icy hand and looking earnestly into his troubled face, asked fervently, "Is n't God upon the ocean just the same as on the land?" It was God's own "Peace, be still" which seemed to quiet the wrathful waves without as it settled the fears within and the sequel is re-



A HIGH SEA — *Eschke*

corded, "We anchored safe in harbor when the morn was shining clear."

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER*

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast."

So we shuddered there in silence,—
And the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked of Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy at his prayers,
"We are lost," the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is n't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Tell briefly the situation of vessel and crew.
2. What indicates the intense fury of the storm? Read the passages.

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3. What does the fact that they had to "cut away the mast" indicate?
4. Explain "hungry sea."
5. Explain "the breakers talked of Death."
6. Point out those things that show that the hearts of the passengers had failed them.
7. Point out evidences that even the stout-hearted captain lost all hope.
8. Why "staggered"?
9. What shows the simple faith of the little daughter?
10. What effect did it have on the mood of those on board?
11. What was the final outcome?
12. What simple truth is found in this poem?

REFERENCES

- HOOD: I Remember, I Remember.
WHITTIER: The Eternal Goodness.
BROWNING: The Guardian Angel.
TENNYSON: Crossing the Bar.
MRS. BROWNING: The Sleep.
SARGENT: Life on the Ocean Wave.
HEMANS: Casabianca.
PROCTER: The Sea.
SOUTHEY: The Inchcape Rock.
COWPER: The Castaways.
EMMA HART WILLARD: Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.
BRAINARD: The Deep.
GEORGE CABOT LODGE: A Song of the Wave.
LONGFELLOW: The Wreck of the Hesperus.
CHARLOTTE P. STETSON: The Rock and the Sea.
FRANCIS FREELING BRODERIP: The Hungry Sea.
GEORGE ARNOLD: Drift.
DIAMOND: The Mariner's Dream.
KINGSLEY: The Three Fishers.
CLOUGH: As Ships Becalmed.
KIPLING: The Bell Buoy.
DULCKEN: The Sea-Captain's Farewell to His Child.
CUNNINGHAM: A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

“**B**OOKED for immortality” was the verdict of Whittier when he first read this exquisite poem. Holmes himself prized this poem as one of the best he had written. It appeared in the fourth of the series of Autocrat of the Breakfast Table papers, and was first published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1858. Holmes there explained the origin of the poem as follows:

“I will read you a few lines, if you do not object, suggested by looking at a section of one of these chambered shells, to which is given the name of Pearly Nautilus. We need not trouble ourselves between this and the Paper Nautilus, the Argonauta of the ancients. The name ‘Argonauta’ applied to both shows that each has long been compared to a ship, as you may see more fully in Webster’s Dictionary or the ‘Encyclopædia’ to which he refers. If you will look into Roget’s Bridgewater Treatise, you will find a figure of one of these shells and a section of it. The last will show you the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits the shell, which is built in a widening spiral. Can you find a lesson in this?”

The International Cyclopædia says, “The shell is spiral, the spire not at all elevated; and thus in external form resembles the form of many species of snail; but internally, it is *camerated*, or divided into chambers, by

transverse curved partitions of shelly matter. In a very young state this structure does not exist; but as the animal increases in size it deserts its first habitation, and so proceeds from one to another still larger, occupying the outermost only, but retaining a connection with all by means of a membranous tube (siphuncle), which passes through the center of each partition."



CROSS SECTION OF NAUTILUS SHELL

On one occasion a little girl friend visited Dr Holmes. His study contained many of these beautiful sea-shells, and in order to explain the poem fully to his little friend he sawed one of the shells in two and used a section to illustrate and explain the poem fully to her. Like the poet, we are interested, not so much in the structure and growth of the nautilus as in the profound meanings of life of which the poet makes the shell a symbol. In the first stanza of the poem, the author relates what

poets have fancied about the nautilus. The second pictures the lifeless shell as it lies before the poet. The toiling, growing life which once occupied the now empty dwelling is suggested in the third stanza. The fourth is a rhapsody of thanksgiving for the "heavenly message," which is given voice in the closing stanza, which becomes the prayer of every aspiring soul. From this time forth every soul shall have the right to pass through its own stages of development.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

NOTES

1. Ship of pearl. So called because fabulously supposed to be furnished with a membrane which it used as a sail.
2. Siren. A sea-nymph said to frequent an island near the coast of Italy, and to sing with such sweetness as to draw the listening mariners to destruction on the rocks.
3. Sea-maids. Mermaids, or fabled inhabitants of the sea, half maid and half fish, generally represented with mirrors and streaming hair.
4. Irised. Iris was the goddess of the rainbow. The inner part of the shell is rainbow-hued.
5. Crypt. A dark vault partly or wholly underground.
6. Triton. Son of Neptune, god of the sea. Triton was represented as half man and half fish, and the roaring of the sea was believed by the Greeks to be caused by the blowing of his horn, or spiral conch shell.
7. Look up carefully all other words and expressions not clear.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What *fabled fancies* are revealed by the poets?
2. To what does "living gauze" refer?
3. Why is the "ship of pearl" spoken of as "wrecked"?
4. Why "dim dreaming life," "frail tenant"?

5. Explain "stole with soft step."
6. What characteristic of the nautilus is most emphasized in stanza three?
7. Why does the poet break into a song of thanksgiving before giving the "heavenly message"?
8. Explain how a clear note could be born from *dead lips*.
9. In a word, what is the message of the sea-shell?
10. Explain "more stately mansions" and "low-vaulted past" as used here.
11. What does "each new temple" symbolize?
12. What is the meaning of "shut thee from heaven"?
13. Explain "till thou at length art free."
14. Memorize the last stanza.
15. What then is the universal note sounded to the world through the poet's soul?

REFERENCES

FIELD: The Wanderer.

TENNYSON: The Shell.

LONGFELLOW: Excelsior. Ladder of St. Augustine.

ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE: To the Nautilus.

LOWELL: The Finding of the Lyre.

C. H. WEBB: With a Nantucket Shell.

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON: Sea-Shell Murmurs.

OLD OCEAN

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin,— his control
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,—
Without a grave, unknelled, and unknown.
— George Gordon Byron.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED TENNYSON

THIS poem celebrates a famous charge at Balaklava¹ in the Crimean War, October 25, 1854. The Russian army had advanced to threaten Balaklava, the base of supplies of the allied French, English, and Turkish forces. The first attack of Russian cavalry was repelled, and at about eleven o'clock, the Light Brigade, consisting of 673 men, was ordered to charge a Russian battery a mile and a half away. The order was evidently an error, but it was obeyed with splendid gallantry and matchless bravery on the part of the British soldiers, only 195 surviving the merciless storm of shot and shell. Tennyson got the suggestion for this poem in the report of the War Correspondent of the *London Times*, printed November 14, 1854, and in the editorial published the day before. The editorial is in part as follows:

"The whole brigade advanced at a trot for more than a mile, down a valley, with a murderous flank fire of Minié² muskets and shells from the hills on both sides. It charged batteries, took guns, sabered the gunners, and charged the Russian cavalry beyond; but, being attacked by cavalry in front and rear, it had to cut its way through them, and return through the same cavalry and the same fire. The British soldier will do his duty, even to certain death, and is not paralyzed by feeling that he is the victim of some hideous blunder. Splendid

¹ Pronounced bá'lá-klá'vá.

² Pronounced mīn't-ā.

as the event was on the Alma (brilliant Russian defeat in the same campaign in September) yet that rugged ascent was scarcely so glorious as the progress of the cavalry through and through that valley of death, with a murderous fire, not only in front, but on both sides, above, and even in the rear."

Tennyson wrote this poem in a few minutes on December 2, 1854. In August of the following year, hearing that the soldiers before Sebastopol¹ were enthusiastic over his war poem, he had a thousand copies printed on separate quarto sheets, and sent them out to the soldiers of the Crimea with his compliments, for he wanted them, as he said in a note printed with the poem, "to know that those who sit at home love and honor them."

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

¹ Pronounced sê-bás'tô-pôl.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back,— but not —
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

NOTE: Look up carefully in some English or general history or encyclopaedia the siege of Sebastopol and the attendant movements during the Crimean War.

1. What movement is imitated in the first two lines?
2. What situation is hinted at in the next two lines?
3. Who says the words following?
4. How does the meaning of the last two lines differ from that of lines three and four?
5. Why repeat the command at the opening of the second stanza?
6. What is the purpose of the question in the second line?
7. What tells the character of these soldiers?
8. Why use "cannon" three times in stanza three?
9. Explain "jaws of Death," "mouth of Hell."
10. How does the ending of this stanza differ from that of the first two stanzas?
11. What does "charging an army" show?
12. Explain *plunged, broke, reeled, shattered*.
13. Why are the dashes used in next to the last line?
14. How does the situation at the opening of stanza five compare with that in stanza three?
15. What tells of the mercilessness of the enemy's fire? Contrast the situation here with that in stanza three.
16. Why are the dashes used here?
17. What answer to the question in the first line of the last stanza?
18. For what should this Light Brigade be honored?
19. In what did their nobility consist?
20. Why should this poem become such a favorite among the common people as well as among the British soldiers?

REFERENCES

NEWBOLT: Gillespie.

EDWIN ARNOLD: Armageddon.

MACAULAY: Horatius at the Bridge.

HEMANS: Casabianca.

TENNYSON: Charge of the Heavy Brigade.

BURNS: Bannockburn.

RILEY: The Silent Victors.

A. B. MEEK: Balaklava.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

J. G. HOLLAND

ALL Christmas literature worth while has been drawn from the same source. The source of inspiration of this Christmas poem, and of all other worthy Christmas literature, is in the following familiar extracts from Bible literature:

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men! And the shepherds came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.—*Luke 2.*

Behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. . . . And, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. And when they were



come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him.
—*Matt. 2.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL *

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nation that Jesus is king.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Who were "the Beautiful"?
2. Why a "tumult" of joy over this wonderful birth?
3. Look up in any good encyclopedia how pearls are formed.

* From "The Complete Poetical Writings of J. G. Holland";
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4. Look up "impearled" in an unabridged dictionary. What is the meaning here?
5. What is "the song from afar"?
6. In what way has this song swept over the world?
7. In what sense do *we* "rejoice in the light"?
8. Why does the poet say the song still comes down?
9. Why "through the night"?
10. What is an *evangel*?
11. Why is the word *King* capitalized in the last line and not before?
12. How may we "echo the song"?

REFERENCES

- LOWELL: A Christmas Carol.
LONGFELLOW: The Three Kings. Christmas Bells.
WHITTIER: A Christmas Carmen. Star of Bethlehem.
SOUTHWELL: The Burning Babe.
MILTON: Hymn to the Nativity.
TENNYSON: Birth of Christ.
SIR JOHN BOWRING: What of the Night?
DOMMETT: A Christmas Hymn.
THRING: Hymn for the Nativity.
BOLTON: The Shepherd's Song.
A. W. MORRIS: A Christmas Carol.
RYAN: A Christmas Carol.
FIELD: Christmas Eve.
SEARS: Christmas Hymn.
WESLEY: Christmas Hymn.
BROOKS: A Christmas Carol.
ROSSETTI: A Christmas Carol.
A. CARY: A Christmas Story.
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN: The Glad Evangel. The Birds' Christmas Carol.
TATE: While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night.
RILEY: Das Krist Kindel.
WILLIAM REED DUNROY: Bethlehem.
STEVENSON: Christmas at Sea.
- Note: For a complete volume of Christmas literature, see: R. H. Schaulfier. Christmas. Moffat, Yard and Co., N. Y., 1907.

COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN¹ MILLER

EVERY one is familiar with the simple story of the life and voyages of Columbus. But few of us to-day appreciate his "struggle of faith, patience, and wisdom against superstition, jealousy, and ignorance." Filled with the current idea of expert geographers, Columbus believed that the earth was a globe, and that the rich ports of India and the East could best be reached by sailing westward. With no idea of discovering new lands, but with a firm determination to find a shorter route to the Indies, to carry the Catholic faith to the nations of the East, and to gain for himself fame and fortune, Columbus set out on his memorable voyage. He believed himself, as he wrote in his diary, "an agent chosen by Heaven to accomplish a grand design."

With faith in his compass and astrolabe, and resting securely on the Toscanelli² chart to guide him safely to the East Indies, he set sail westward August 3, 1492. Day after day and no land sighted, the sailors losing heart cried out, "Are there no graves in Spain that you should bring us here to perish?" Terrified by variations of the compass, homesick and discouraged, these sailors mutinied and even threatened to throw their leader overboard, but Columbus held firmly to his purpose, declaring stoutly that, "however much they might complain, he had to go to the Indies, and that he would go on until he found them, with the help of our Lord."

¹ Pronounced wă-kĕn'.

² Pronounced tōs'kā-nĕl'lē.

Finally, on October 12, land was discovered. Columbus landed on the low sandy shore of a small island, planted there the royal standard of Spain, named the island San Salvador,¹ or the Holy Redeemer, and took possession in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella. Three subsequent voyages confirmed the faith of the great discoverer, and he died in the unshaken belief that he had discovered a western route to Asia, never dreaming that he had discovered a "new world," nor that he had given birth to a new era in the history of the world's great civilization.

In the following poem, the poet has contrasted vividly the seeming hopelessness of the voyage with unmovable determination and singleness of purpose. The mate as spokesman of the crew represents the utter dejection, discouragement, and hopelessness of the crew. The Admiral with his confident "On! sail on!" represents the sturdy faith and relentless persistence of a great discoverer whose life was shaped by what he felt was God's call to service.

COLUMBUS *

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghosts of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

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¹ Pronounced sän säl'vâ-dör'.

“My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak.”
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
“What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?”
“Why, you shall say at break of day,
‘Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!’”

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
“Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone,
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say”—
He said: “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
“This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?”
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
“Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time’s burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: “On! sail on!”

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Read carefully the history of Columbus' discoveries.
2. Be able to sketch from memory the general outlines of the Toscanelli chart and show just how it formed a basis of Columbus' faith in his own success.
3. What situation is given in the first stanza?
4. What does the mate here represent?
5. Who is the "brave Admiral"?
6. What prompts the mate's first question?
7. What answer does he receive?
8. Explain the third and fourth lines of the second stanza.
9. What further change in the mate in the third stanza? What caused this change?
10. How did even the sea now appear to these men?
11. What causes had the mate and crew for utter hopelessness?
12. Why then did not the Admiral also lose heart?
13. Why say "A light" so many times in line four of the last stanza?
14. Explain "Time's burst of dawn."
15. What great lesson did the brave Admiral give the world?

REFERENCES

- TENNYSON: Merlin and the Gleam. Columbus.
HOLMES: Whittier.
LONGFELLOW: Hawthorne.
WORDSWORTH: Milton.
HENRY VAN DYKE: Henry Hudson's Last Voyage.
G. E. WOODBERRY: On a Portrait of Columbus.
JULIA C. R. DOW: Sealed Orders.
MILLER: Westward Ho!
SILL: Opportunity.
SIGOURNEY: Columbus.
BEN WOOD DAVIS: Columbus.
ELBERT HUBBARD: A Message to Garcia.
PARK BENJAMIN: Press On.

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

SIXTY-ONE years after the memorable battles of Lexington and Concord, the famous battle monument was formally dedicated. This historic monument stands at one end of Concord Bridge and bears this inscription:

"Here on the 10th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. On the opposite bank stood the American Militia. Here stood the Invading Army: and on this spot the first of the Enemy fell in the war of that Revolution which gave Independence to these United States. In gratitude to God and in the love of Freedom this Monument was erected A. D. 1836."

On the opposite bank stands the famous statue of The Minute Man by French. This statue is a splendid likeness of Captain Parker, the provincial officer who commanded the colonists in the early morning fight. On the front is the inscription, "Faithful Unto Death," and the first stanza of the following hymn, and on the back is inscribed, "Nineteenth of April, 1775."

The hymn is a noble tribute to the "embattled farmers" and their dauntless spirit of liberty, an acknowledgment of their heroic service, and a prayer-pledge that the children of peace shall keep sacred the memory of those who died to give the world a higher form of free government.

CONCORD HYMN *

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deeds redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Look up the story of the battles of Lexington and Concord.
2. What is the general tone of this hymn—warlike or peaceful?
3. Who were the "embattled farmers"?
4. Explain the fourth line in the first stanza.
5. Who were "the foe"?
6. What ravages has Time wrought? Yet why is the modern bridge built in form like that of the rude bridge of old?
7. What is the "votive stone"?
8. Explain "memory may their deeds redeem."
9. What is the closing prayer of the hymn?
10. What triumphant note of patriotism pervades the poem?
Is the poem generous or selfish in dealing with "the foe"?

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REFERENCES

DWIGHT: Columbia, Columbia, To Glory Arise!

BANCROFT: History of the United States. Battles of Lexington and Concord.

MCMASTER: The Old Continentals.

ROBERT KELLY WEEKS: A Song for Lexington.

READ: The Rising of '76. Our Defenders.

LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.

WALLACE: The Sword of Bunker Hill. Independence Bell.

“IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING, CALM
AND FREE”

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

—*William Wordsworth.*

SCULPTURE AND EDUCATION

A statue lies hid in a block of marble, and the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone: the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind.—*Joseph Addison.*

THE CONQUERED BANNER

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

FATHER RYAN was a Catholic priest who served as a chaplain in the Confederate army during the Civil War. He was an ardent follower of "The Stars-and-Bars," as well as a zealous servant of his God. He had prayed daily to the great God of Battles for the triumph of the Southern cause. But when that cause was lost, and his hero, Lee, had surrendered at Appomattox, he still clung unwaveringly to his faith in the eternal justice of God, who orders the destinies of nations. In sadness, in mourning, reverently, touchingly, the poet-voice of this lyric speaks the tenderest note of the progressive South-heart. The priest-poet, sharing the sorrow and disappointment and loss of his people, rises on the wings of faith to noble self-conquest where he breathes forth a message of sublime submission, "It is best. . . . Let it rest." Every emotion that could fill the hearts of a people vanquished in a cause they felt to be just, is here represented in a poem so tender, and so true to the best in the chastened hearts of the Southland.

THE CONQUERED BANNER*

Furl that Banner, for 't is weary;
Round its staff 't is drooping dreary:
Furl it, fold it,— it is best;
For there 's not a man to wave it,
And there 's not a sword to save it,

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And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
Furl it, hide it,—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 't is tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 't is hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner — furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner — it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it, —
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 't is gory,
Yet 't is wreathed around with glory,
And 't will live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust!

For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages —
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently — it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not — unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever, —
For its people's hopes are fled!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Explain fully the meaning of the word "furl." What is the significance of "furling" a military flag?
2. What reasons are given for furling the Banner?
3. Why is it "hard for us to fold it"?
4. What had this Banner stood for?
5. With what loyalty had it been greeted and followed?
6. What is the attitude of the conquered people toward the Banner?
7. In what sense is this Banner said to be "holy"?
8. Why "unfold it never"?
9. Cite passages which show the various emotions which fill the hearts of this people as they furl their banner.
10. Explain "'t is weary."
11. What power has ordered the scattering of this valiant host?
12. Explain fully the poet's conclusion, "It is best."
13. Read the poem many times aloud and notice how complete is the harmony between the sound and the sense.

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- WILL HENRY THOMPSON: The High Tide at Gettysburg.
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PALMER: One Undivided Country.
WHITTIER: Our Country. Laus Deo.
TIMROD: Ode to the Confederate Dead.

EMMA LAZARUS: The South.

RYAN: The Cause of the South.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON: Moods of the Soul.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND: A Georgia Volunteer.

HENRY W. GRADY: The New South.

EMERSON: Boston Hymn.

JUNE

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, grasping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers:—

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree

In bulk doth make man better be;

Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,

To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:

A lily of a day

Is fairer far in May,

Although it fall and die that night —

It was the plant and flower of Light.

In small proportions we just beauties see,

And in short measures life may perfect be.

— *Ben Jonson.*

DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TO observe what things in nature appeal to different persons not only is interesting but oftentimes enables us to understand the thoughts that otherwise would remain obscure. Sometimes such a knowledge of others helps us to measure their achievements. To one author, things of might alone appeal. To another, the insignificant, the apparently commonplace and trivial, brings inspiration and joy that must be told. Few indeed are oblivious to the wealth of beauty in nature. Sometimes genius itself may separate itself from the rest of mankind. Then it is that nature must minister to his finer feelings and solitude become his recourse and refuge.

The scene of the following poem is in Gowbarrow Park, Ullswater, where the daffodils were blooming on April 15, 1802. Dorothy Wordsworth, the poet's sister and companion, wrote of their visit to this beautiful scene:

"I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the grassy stones, about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew directly over the lake to them."

With such a picture "flashing" upon his "inward eye," he wrote this delicate response of a sensitive heart thrilled with delight at sight of Nature in robes of exquisite beauty.

DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Explain "lonely as a cloud."
2. Why first call the sight a crowd and then a host?
3. In what sense does a flower dance?
4. Why repeat "gazed"?
5. What wealth was brought to the poet by this sight?
6. What is the "inward eye" mentioned?

7. What is the antecedent of "which" in the last stanza?
8. What mood or spirit prevails throughout the poem?
9. Does he mention a joy *you* could feel?
10. Would you like to experience it?
11. Mention the most beautiful thing you have seen in nature.
12. Find all the things Wordsworth mentions which he has observed in nature. Now tell what things appealed to him.

REFERENCES

WORDSWORTH: To the Daisy ("In youth from rock to rock"). To the Same Flower. To the Daisy ("Bright Flower!"). To the Daisy ("Sweet Flower!"). The Primrose of the Rock. Nay, Traveller! Rest.

ROBERT HERRICK: To Daffodils.

KEATS: Sweet Peas.

GRAY: Elegy.

LARCOM: Calling the Violets.

LOWELL: The Shepherd of King Admetus.

FRENEAU: The Wild Honeysuckle.

TENNYSON: Flower in a Crannied Wall.

LONGFELLOW: Flowers. Flower-de-Luce.

MAURICE THOMPSON: To a Wild Flower.

NOYES: The Hill-Flower.

THE ECHO IN THE HEART

It's little I can tell
 About the birds in books;
 And yet I know them well,
 By their music and their looks:
 When May comes down the lane,
 Her airy lovers throng
 To welcome her with song,
 And follow in her train:
 Each minstrel weaves his part
 In that wild-flowery strain,
 And I know them all again
 By their echo in my heart.

—Henry Van Dyke.

OF BOOKS

JOHN RUSKIN

EVERY young person is ambitious to make the most of his opportunities. No one is contented to waste his time in reading "trash." He wants to read the best books. But how is he to tell what is good and what is not? The great thinker, Francis Bacon, has well said:

"Some books are to be tasted, others swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

Milton has told us so truly that "A good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit," but it has remained for the great essayist and philosopher, John Ruskin, to give us the most helpful available discussion on books in general. Ruskin was himself a true literary artist, a lover of all that is beautiful and true, and a real human being who saw a world of good in all around him. He believed that many of the social and industrial troubles around him were caused because people did not think clearly. He urged upon all the necessity to acquire the habit of reading with discrimination as a basis of clear, accurate thinking. This discussion is one of his most satisfactory bits of helpful thinking, for it is written to all with such a strong common-sense appeal that none can resist its truth. Such an appeal fires us with a new resolve to read the best and to dig for the richest treasures.

OF BOOKS

All books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book for the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books, for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary to-day; whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere

communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would. You write instead; that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it clearly, and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing"; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men;—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stableboy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may

take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

"The place you desire," and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerable pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret. You must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognize our presence."

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways: First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is: "How strange that is! I never thought of that before,

and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once;—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all, and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyze that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where: you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting-furnace is your own thoughtful

soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiseling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

NOTES

1. Read Bacon's essay *On Books*.
2. From what you have read, what are the best advantages you get from reading good books?
3. If you had plenty of time, what five books would you read next?
4. *Entrée*. Right to enter.
5. *Faubourg St. Germain*. A famous aristocratic street in Paris. Here the expression is used in a figurative sense. Libraries and collections of books are spoken of as if they were the true places for the real aristocracy of merit.
6. *Elysian gates*. The Elysian Fields, according to Greek mythology, were the final abode of the blessed after death. Libraries and book collections are spoken of as if they were the abodes of the truly blessed of earth.
7. Be prepared to define the following words and expressions as here used: distinction of species, usurp, multiplication, conveyance, perpetuate, jostle, *entrée*, portières, feign, physical type of wisdom, finest chiseling, patientest fusing.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Into what two general classes does Ruskin divide good books?
2. What is "the good book for the hour"?
3. What is the worst possible use we can make of them?
4. What makes a "book" a true book?
5. What is meant by "the book of talk"?
6. What is its purpose?
7. With what purpose and in what spirit is a book written?
8. What, then, is a "Book," or "scripture"?
9. What "eternal court" is open to all? Explain.
10. Explain "you can never be outcast but by your own fault."
11. How in this "eternal court" is one's true aristocracy measured?

12. How does this court of the past differ from the living aristocracy?
13. In what two ways must the appreciative reader show his love of good books?
14. What is the right feeling with which to read a book?
15. Explain the difference between getting the author's meaning and finding yours?
16. Explain "They do not give it (their deeper thought) you by way of help, but of reward."
17. Why should not all the gold of earth be deposited in one place, easy for all to reach?
18. What is necessary on the reader's part in order to appreciate good books?
19. Make a list of the books you would most like to read.

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HILLIS: Great Books and Life Teachers.
COOKE: Poets and Problems.
MABIE: Books and Culture.
BALDWIN: The Book Lover.
VAN DYKE: Counsel upon the Reading of Books.
LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal.
LINCOLN: The Gettysburg Address.
FRANKLIN: Autobiography.
HAWTHORNE: The Great Stone Face.

There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it ill behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

GEORGE GORDON BYRON

TO Sennacherib,¹ son of Sargon,² must be accorded first place among the immortal names of the Assyrian Empire. He was to Assyria the great leader, organizer, and builder that Nebuchadnezzar³ was to Babylon. During his reign (705-681 B. C.) Hezekiah was king of Judah and the losses to Judah due to the relentless Assyrian invasion are best told in the words of Sennacherib in one of his royal inscriptions. He says:

"I took forty-six of his strong fenced cities; and of the smaller towns which were scattered about I took and plundered a countless number. And from these places I captured and carried off as spoil 200,150 people, old and young, male and female, together with horses, camels, oxen and sheep, a countless multitude. And Hezekiah himself I shut up in Jerusalem, his capital city, like a bird in a cage, building towers round the city to hem him in, and raising banks of earth against the gates, so as to prevent escape." — Quoted in *Myers' Ancient History*, pp. 64-65.

The story then tells how Hezekiah gave up the palace and treasures of the temple and was even on the point of surrendering the city. While messengers from Sennacherib were boastfully demanding unconditional surrender, Hezekiah received a promise from God, saying of the Assyrian leader, "I will put my hook in thy

¹ Pronounced sē-nāk'ēr-ib.

² Pronounced nēb'ū-kād-nēz'ār.

³ Pronounced sār'gōn.

nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest. . . . He shall not come into the city nor shoot an arrow there."

With divine intervention, the crisis in the siege was passed, and the fate of the Assyrian hosts and the return of the inglorious leader is thus recorded:

"And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four score and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses. So Sennacherib King of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh!" — *2 Kings* 19: 35-36.

Byron seized upon the above incident to construct for us a poem setting forth the conflict between the vast material resources of a haughty monarch and the infinite spiritual resources of a faithful leader. Even in that day of strife and conquest, the angel of the Lord appeared to warn men of the supremacy of spirit, and the poem gains its undying charm from the fact that the might of a proud, cruel, powerful oriental monarch, his vast, apparently unconquerable host "unsmote by the sword, hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord." This incident and that recorded concerning Nebuchadnezzar are strong to discipline men's hearts to God's way of accomplishing His ends.

¹ Pronounced nîn'ê-vê.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
Where the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur* are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile,† unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Give a brief sketch of the history culminating in the above poem. Who were the Assyrians?
2. What probably was the "Angel of Death"?

* The chief Assyrian god, for whom the Empire was named.

† Sennacherib.

3. What was the appearance of the Assyrian host at the outset?
4. What strong contrast is given in stanza two?
5. Why does the author go into such detail in picturing the destruction?
6. Explain the first line of the last stanza.
7. Why are the idols now "broke"?
8. Explain "unsmote by the sword."
9. How only could a vast army be overcome ordinarily?
10. Why "melted like snow"?
11. In what way does the poet betray his personal bias and enthusiasm?
12. What larger truth does the poem contain?

REFERENCES

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KNOX: Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

BAILEY: The Return.

EMMA LAZARUS: The Banner of the Jew.

BYRON: The Eve before Waterloo.

SILL: The Fool's Prayer.

GEORGE HOUGHTON: Legend of Walbach Tower.

2 Kings 19.

ILL FARES THE LAND

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade —
A breath can make them as breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

— *Oliver Goldsmith.*

DIXIE

DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT

EVERY pupil in our schools should know the most popular of the songs of the South, the South's greatest folk-lore piece. The movement recently begun at Memphis to erect a monument to the author of "Dixie" has created a new interest in the song and in its origin. Daniel Decatur Emmett was born near Mt. Vernon, Ohio, October 29, 1815. He left home in early manhood and spent the most of his years between the ages of twenty and forty in the South, visiting New York for a few weeks each summer. By profession, he was a wandering minstrel, traveling all over the United States, making and singing his own songs everywhere he went. On the death of his parents, he returned to live in the little homestead he had inherited. For many years later he lived in Chicago. When too old to follow his chosen work, he retired to the little Mt. Vernon homestead where he eked out a miserable existence, poor and practically forsaken, until his death in 1904. Only his nearest neighbors knew that the forsaken old man was the author of the immortal "Dixie."

The circumstances attending the composition of the song are interestingly told by Mr. Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in an article written in 1895 and first published in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. He says:

"'Dixie Land,' which is really the proper name of

the song, was written by Emmett in 1859 while he was a member of the celebrated 'Bryant's Minstrels,' which then held forth at No. 472 Broadway, in New York City. . . . One Saturday night after a performance, Emmett left the hall and was proceeding homeward when he was overtaken by Jerry Bryant and asked to make a 'hooray' and bring it to the rehearsal Monday morning. . . . He composed the 'walk-around' next day, Sunday, and took it to the rehearsal Monday morning, music and words complete. The tune and words of 'Dixie' as now sung are Mr. Emmett's exactly as he wrote them."

This is in substance the story told by the author in declining years when his memory was failing. He insisted, however, that he had played the air on a Southern tour nearly a year before the New York incident. Professor Herman Arnold, an eminent musician, formerly of Montgomery, Alabama, now of Memphis, declares that Emmett came to Montgomery in January, 1859, and played and sang "Dixie." Professor Arnold was so taken with the melody that he requested a copy of the music, but as Emmett declared no copy had been made, the Professor transcribed the music as the author played the air on his violin. Professor Arnold has the original score and has offered to present it to the Tennessee Historical Society.

Whatever may be the true story of its origin, it spread like wildfire and became a general favorite as rapidly as minstrel troupes could bring it to the people. Mr. Bok further says:

"It is interesting to know how 'Dixie' became a

Southern war-song. A spectacular performance was being given in New Orleans late in the fall of 1860. Each part had been filled; all that was lacking was a national march and song for the grand chorus, a part the leader had omitted until the very last moment. A great many marches and songs were tried, but none could be decided upon. 'Dixie' was suggested and tried, and all were so enthusiastic over it that it was at once adopted and given in the performance. Immediately it was taken up by the populace, and sung in the streets, in homes and concert halls daily. It was taken to the battle fields and there established as the Southern Confederacy war song."

President Lincoln was the most distinguished contemporary admirer of the catchy tune. Shortly after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, he requested the band to play "Dixie," remarking pleasantly that "As we have captured the Confederate army, we have also captured the Confederate tune, and both belong to us." From that day to this "Dixie" has been a general favorite. "Its beginning was in the minstrel show, it was dedicated as a battle song in the great uprising of the South, and in its last estate it has a place among the enduring music of the Union."

It has been conjectured generally that "Dixie" is the diminutive form of "Dixon" and that "Dixie Land" is therefore the country south of Mason and Dixon's line, a line fixed in 1763-67 by the British Government as the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, later made famous as the boundary line between the free and the slave states.

The song as originally written and kept as the only authentic version of "Dixie" is as follows:

DIXIE

I wish I was in de land ob cotton, old times dar are not
forgotten;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
In Dixie land whar I was born in, early on one frosty
mornin',
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray!
In Dixie's land I'll took my stand, to lib and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Ole missus marry "Will-de-Weaber"; Willum was a gay
deceaber;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But when he put his arm around her, he smiled as fierce
as a forty-pounder;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber, but dat did not
seem to greab her;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Ole missus acted the foolish part, and died for a man dat
broke her heart;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Now here's health to the next ole missus, an' all de gals dat
want to kiss us;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow, come an' hear dis
song to-morrow;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter, makes you fat or
a little fatter;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, to Dixie's land
I'm bound to trabble;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Give the probable origin of the term "Dixie."
2. For what purpose was the song originally written?
3. Explain, then, the appropriateness of the line beginning,
"But if you want to drive 'way sorrow."
4. What is the one central wish expressed in the poem?
5. At what season would such a wish be expressed generally
by traveling minstrel troupes?
6. What in the song fitted it to become a favorite in army
camps?
7. What in the song caused it to be a favorite in the South?
8. What sentiment in the song makes it a universal favorite?
9. Have the music played. Have the school sing the song.
What in the music makes the song generally loved?
10. Give a brief sketch of the author's career. What has
recently brought his name into public notice?

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Bonnie Blue Flag.
Home Sweet Home.
Old Kentucky Home.
When Johnnie Comes Marching Home.
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Other songs of the nation.

EVERY DAY BEST

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the
critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every
day is the best day at the year.— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

EXCELSIOR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LONGFELLOW wrote *Excelsior* at the age of thirty-four. This poem was written on the back of a note from Charles Sumner and bears this explanation at the close: "September 28, 1841. Half past 3 o'clock, morning. Now to bed." Longfellow got the suggestion for the poem from the heading of a New York Journal, bearing the seal of the State of New York,—a shield with a rising sun, and the motto in heraldic Latin, "Excelsior." His imagination eagerly seized the suggestion and the striking story of the youth scaling the Alpine heights resulted. Longfellow declared that his purpose in the poem was "no more than to display in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose." De Quincey declares that the boy hero gives clear evidence of insanity in attempting to scale the Alps under such circumstances, and that he ought to have been shut up in an insane asylum. Langtree insists that the poem is not true to human experience. With true insight, Edgar Allan Poe says:

"It depicts the earnest, upward impulse of the soul—an impulse not to be subdued even in Death. Despising danger, resisting pleasure, the youth, bearing the banner inscribed 'Excelsior!' (higher still) struggles through all difficulties to an Alpine summit. Warned to be con-

tent with the elevation attained, his cry is still 'Excelsior!' There is yet an immortal height to be surmounted — an ascent in Eternity. The poet holds in view the idea of never ending progress."

EXCELSIOR

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What is shown of the youth in that he has already gained the Alpine heights?
2. How are his determination and singleness of purpose shown?
3. Just what is the youth attempting?
4. Will he be satisfied when he reaches the mountain-top?
5. What influences were strong against the carrying out of his purpose?
6. What was the effect of each of these influences?
7. What influence seemed strongest to deter him?
8. Why should he refuse to take advice? Explain fully.
9. In what sense did he fail in his attempt? In what sense did he succeed?
10. What is the effect of the repetition of "Excelsior" at the close of each stanza?

11. What final recognition was gained by this heroic struggle?
12. Compare the truth of this poem with that in the dying words of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*: "What are you saying? That it is no use?—I know it! But one does not fight because there is hope of winning! No . . . No! . . . It is much finer to fight when it is no use!"

REFERENCES

MRS. STOWE: *St. Bernard Hospes*.

WORDSWORTH: *Michael*.

HOLLAND: *Gradatim*.

ARNOLD: *Self-Dependence*.

LONGFELLOW: *The Skeleton in Armor*.

SILL: *Opportunity*.

CHARLES MACKAY: *Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds*.

LANIER: *Barnacles*.

THE OAK

A song to the oak,
The brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long.
Here's health and renown
To his broad green crown
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown
When the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might
On a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.
Then here's to the oak!
The brave old oak!
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he,
A hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!
—H. F. Chorley.

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

THE first truly *American* flag had its origin in the following resolution adopted by the American Congress, June 14, 1777:

“Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.”

The first flag of this general design was displayed at the siege of Fort Stanwix. It is said to have been made from strips of a red flannel petticoat, and pieces of a white skirt, and a blue jacket. The first official flag under this resolution was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross of Philadelphia — familiarly known as “Betsy Ross” — at the request of a Committee of Congress accompanied by General Washington. This flag consisted of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with thirteen white stars arranged in a circle in a blue field. From time to time, as new states are admitted, new stars have been added to the union — the official design of the flag changing each Fourth of July after the admission of new states.

As to the meaning of our flag, Henry Ward Beecher says:

“The American flag means, then, all that the fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; it means all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that

the Constitution of a people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant. The American flag carries American ideas, American history, American feelings. Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine Right of Liberty in Man. Every color means liberty, every thread means liberty, every form of star and beam of light means liberty — liberty through law, and law for liberty.* Accept it, then, in all its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag! It is a whole national history! It is the Constitution. It is the Government! It is the emblem of the sovereignty of the people!"

What wonder, then, that, with the poet, we instinctively throw up our hats and shout wild "huzzas" as the glorious old ensign of our republic passes by!

"Purity speaks from your folds of white,

Truth from your sky of blue,

Courage shines forth in the crimson stripes,

And leads to victories new."

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off!

Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,

A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines

Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Give a brief sketch of the history of our flag.
2. What feeling prompts the first "Hats off"?
3. What "more than the flag" is passing by?
4. Just what, in detail, does our flag stand for, or symbolize?
5. Give historic incidents to explain each of the references in stanzas three and four.
6. Why, then, is our flag regarded with such veneration?
7. Why do soldiers in battle fight till death to save a *mere cloth* called the flag?
8. Why repeat the first stanza in closing?
9. What effect has the appearance of our flag on all loyal hearts?

REFERENCES

HOLDEN: Our Country's Flag (a history).

WILDER: Stand by the Flag!

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

BEECHER: The American Flag (History of).

DRAKE: American Flag.

WHITTIER: Barbara Frietchie.

KEY: Star Spangled Banner.

RILEY: Old Glory.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

NEEDLESS PAIN

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

— *William Cowper.*

THE FOOL'S PRAYER

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

IT was a day of riotous joy and feasting in the royal palace. The haughty monarch, ruling by "divine right," had turned from the cares of rigorous, perhaps cruel, government to feasting and jesting to relieve a heart, it may be, "red with wrong." He has been absolute in power. On every hand, fawning courtiers bowed to him and flattered him. Great was his delight as he saw at his banquet-board the noblest princes and lords of his dominions. At the conclusion of the royal feast, the King, flushed with wine and swelled with pride and bigotry, bade his jester give them some new sport as a fitting climax to their joy. Indeed, the proud monarch, spurning even things divine, bade the fool in sport,

"Kneel now and make for us a prayer."

The fool knelt, — and the following poem, with keenest insight, recites the prayer and its sequel, and reveals how the arrows of truth hushed the mocking court and pierced the haughty, insolent heart of the King.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER*

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

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The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet still in the mire
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders — Oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What is shown of the King from the fact that he would suggest such a "new sport to banish care"?
2. Explain "mocking court."
3. What caused the "bitter smile behind the painted grin he wore"?
4. What tells whether or not the fool's prayer is from his heart?
5. Where did the fool get the idea of a heart "red with wrong"?
6. Explain
 "'Tis by our follies that so long
 We hold the earth from heaven away."
7. Explain fully "crushing blossoms without end."
8. In what sense did "men crown the knave and scourge the tool that did his will"?
9. Who was the crowned knave?
10. Why was the room hushed at the close of the prayer? Why did not the mocking court laugh now?
11. What was the effect of the prayer on the King?
12. How do you explain the fact that the fool's prayer did not furnish the sport intended?
13. Why does the King adopt the fool's prayer?
14. What additional meaning does the King put into it?

REFERENCES

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The Pharisee and the Publican (Luke 18:10-14).
PROCTER: The Overthrow of Belshazzar.
BYRON: Vision of Belshazzar.
SIR HENRY WALTON: Character of a Happy Life.
EVERARD JACK APPLETON: The Fighting Failure.
WALTER C. SMITH: The Self-Exiled.
KNOX: Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?
MACKAY: Differences.
H. T. HUTCHINSON: The Fool's Waltz.
GREENE: The Baron's Last Banquet.
LONGFELLOW: Sandalphon, King Robert of Sicily.

GINEVRA

SAMUEL ROGERS

THIS poem is one of a collection of pieces in prose and blank verse which make up the author's "Italy." It commemorates the tragic fate of an innocent but gay young Italian bride who on her wedding night in playful mood, "fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy," had concealed herself within an old oaken chest whose spring lock "fastened her down forever." The guests sought for her in vain, and not until years had passed was her fate discovered. The chest and a portrait of the lady were shown the poet on his visit to Modena. On seeing these, he wrote the following poem.

GINEVRA

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena,
Stop at a Palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee.

A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look a while upon a picture there.
'Tis a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri — but by whom I care not.

He who observes it — ere he passes on —
Gazes his fill, and comes, and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!" Her vest of gold
'Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart —
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

Alone it hangs
Over a moldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ:
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way — it may be true or false —
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still, as she grew, forever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco¹ Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was — all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.

¹ Pronounced frän-chës'kô.

But now the day was come, — the day, the hour ;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;
And, in the luster of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy, but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there,
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
" 'T is but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still, —
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not.

Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something, —
 Something he could not find, he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained a while
 Silent and tenantless; then went to strangers.
 Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
 When on an idle day — a day of search
 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery —
 That moldering chest was noticed; and 't was said,
 By one as young, as thoughtless, as Ginevra,
 "Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
 'T was done as soon as said; but on the way
 It burst, it fell; and, lo, a skeleton,
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!

All else had perished save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,

Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra." There, then, had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever!

NOTES

1. Modena, mó'dā-nā, a city of northern Italy.
2. Reggio, rēd'jō, a city sixteen miles northwest of Modena.
3. Orsini, ōr-sē'nē, a noted Italian family name.
4. Zampieri, tsām-pyā'rē, an Italian painter, 1581-1641.
5. Antony, an artist of Trent in Austria.
6. Doria, celebrated family name of Genoa.
7. Study until every word and passage is clear.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What suggested this poem to the author?
2. Give briefly the story of the poem.
3. Why is the author so anxious that the reader should see the picture if ever in Modena?
4. What effect of the picture upon even the casual observer?
5. Describe the picture as the poet has made you see it.
6. Why does it haunt him still "like some wild melody"?
7. What shows his lesser interest in the chest?
8. Just what do you infer was Ginevra's character?
9. Explain "She gave her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco."
10. Explain "his hand shook."
11. What was thought to be her fate?
12. What events led to the real explanation of her mysterious disappearance?
13. If this poem represents a great truth of life, in what sense is a young person to-day likely to shut himself up and come to naught?
14. What, then, seems to be the deeper meaning of her attitude and of "Beware!" in the third stanza?

REFERENCES

Parable of the Talents (Matt. 25:14-30).

LOWELL: Hebe.

BONAR: We Walked Among the Whispering Pines.

INA COALBRITH: Fruitionless.

SUSAN MARR SPAULDING: Fate.

BYRON: The Prisoner of Chillon.

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE: My Rose.

SUSAN COOLIDGE: Ginevra.

KEATS: Isabella.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, Arise!

—*Shakespeare.*

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE GREATNESS OF "DAN'L GREGG"

GREAT reformers and philanthropists have long prayed with the poet

"God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie!"

It has remained for the "Dan'l Gregg" type of men to show just how the answer to this prayer may be made a living reality in our civilization to-day.

"What constitutes a state? Not high raised battlements nor martial armament, but men, clean men, brave men and true. . . . We will take our chances on the orators and statesmen of the coming decades if God will send Georgia in every voting precinct a Dan'l Gregg, who'll 'raise two boys, by golly, who are decent thru and thru.'"—*Editorial in Atlanta Georgian*.

In this day when so much is said and published concerning thoroughbred horses, hogs, and cattle, and concerning the development of the most productive varieties of grains and vegetables, the following homely plea for *thoroughbred boys* is worthy of consideration.

THE GREATNESS OF "DAN'L GREGG"

You never heard of Dan'l Gregg, I don't suppose; but say, I want to tell you there are few as great as him to-day; He never held no offices, but just 'twixt me and you,

Ain't this here holdin' office something great men seldom do?

No, Dan'l he just farmed it — licked along through thick and thin —

Quittin' late and startin' early, meetin' trouble with a grin;

He didn't leave no millions, but again I wish to state
That, in my opinion, Dan'l should be numbered with the great.

He never done no fightin' on the land nor on the sea;
He was n't no Napoleon, nor a Grant, nor yet a Lee;
No doubt this Pierpont Morgan could have skinned him
in a trade,

And as far as eddycation is concerned, why, I'm afraid
That Dan'l wasn't hardly what you'd call A number one,
For he got his schoolin' mostly out beneath the shinin'
sun;

The papers never bothered over Dan'l Gregg's affairs,
But a great man had departed when' he clum the golden
stairs.

He never wrote no poems, nor got up inventions, so
The world would move on swifter than the good Lord
made it go;

He could n't preach a sermon nor ekspond the law to
you,

But he raised two boys, by golly, that were decent thru
and thru.

He taught 'em to be honest, and he taught 'em to be true;
He taught 'em to be manly, and that there's a lot to do.
He raised his boys to honor him, and so I wish to state
That, in my opinion, Dan'l should be numbered with the
great.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. In what sense is Dan'l Gregg entitled to be called great?
2. How does his greatness differ from that of Grant, Lee, or Napoleon?

3. Why was Dan'l Gregg "never heard of"?
4. What commendable things are mentioned that he did not do?
5. What was the important work he did do?
6. What were the qualities that made the boys "decent thru and thru"?
7. To what extent did the father possess these same qualities?
8. Explain the editorial statement in the *Atlanta Georgian*.
9. What seems to be the highest duty a father can render society and the state?
10. In what way can his boys assist him in doing that duty?

REFERENCES

RILEY: The Old Man and Jim.

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

HAY: Little Breeches.

HOLLAND: Daniel Gray.

PERCY ADAMS HUTCHINSON: Methinks the Measure of a Man.

BURNS: A Man's a Man for a' That.

ROBERT NICOLL: The Hero.

ALBERT GORDON GREENE: Old Grimes.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK: The Making of Men.

HARTE: John Burns of Gettysburg.

HAY: Jim Bludso.

LOWELL: The Heritage.

ALEXANDER POPE: The Quiet Life.

SIR WILLIAM JONES: What Constitutes a State?

SILENCE

In silence mighty things are wrought.
 Silently builded, thought on thought,
 Truth's temple greets the sky;
 And like a citadel with towers,
 The soul with her subservient powers
 Is strengthened silently.

—Lynch

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

HENRY LEE

“WHAT do those who know him best think of him?” is a question we naturally ask if we desire to get a true estimate of a man’s life and character. “Light Horse Harry” Lee, a revolutionary patriot and father of General Robert E. Lee, has answered for us this question regarding the life of Washington. Like Washington, Henry Lee was a native of Westmoreland County, Virginia. He was intimately associated with Washington as neighbor and friend in times of peace, and as a fearless military leader under Washington in the “times that tried men’s souls.” After peace was established he retired to his estate in Virginia, from which he was called to be a member of the Virginia convention which ratified the Federal Constitution, later to be governor of his native state, and still later member of Congress. Shortly after the death of Washington, Lee was invited to deliver the memorial address in Congress on the occasion of nation-wide public mourning. Striking in appearance, tall, graceful, with rich, clear voice, and with emotions charged with a life-long appreciation of the peerless leader, Henry Lee delivered this wonderful eulogy on Washington before the Congress of the United States in Philadelphia, December 26, 1799. No

subsequent eulogy has exceeded this in poise and dignity of style, in fairness and accuracy of estimate, and in warmth of appreciation. As we study this splendid tribute, we can well marvel at the greatness of a patriot whose life and services still call forth the same warm tender devotion as that bestowed upon him by his loving patriot neighbors amid the dark shadows of his passing.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

In obedience to your will, I rise your humble organ, with the hope of executing a part of the system of public mourning which you have been pleased to adopt, commemorative of the death of the most illustrious and most beloved personage this country has ever produced; and which, while it transmits to posterity your sense of the awful event, faintly represents your knowledge of the consummate excellence you so cordially honor.

The founder of our federal republic — our bulwark in war, our guide in peace, is no more! Oh, that this were but questionable! Hope, the comforter of the wretched, would pour into our agonizing hearts its balmy dew. But, alas! there is no hope for us; our Washington is removed forever! Possessing the stoutest frame and purest mind, he had passed nearly to his sixty-eighth year, in the enjoyment of high health, when, habituated by his care of us to neglect himself, a slight cold, disregarded, became inconvenient on Friday, oppressive on Saturday, and, defying every medical interposition before the morning of Sunday, put an end to the best of men. An end did I say?—his fame survives! bounded only by the limits of the earth, and by the extent of the human mind. He survives in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of our children, in the affection of the good throughout the world: and when our monuments shall be done

away; when nations now existing shall be no more; when even our young and far-spreading empire shall have perished, still will our Washington's glory unfaded shine, and die not, until love of virtue cease on earth, or earth itself sink into chaos.

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I single to your grateful hearts his pre-eminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will—all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela to see your youthful Washington, supporting, in the dismal hour of Indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock, and saving, by his judgment and by his valor, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe; or when oppressed America, nobly resolving to risk her all in defense of her violated rights, he was elevated by the unanimous voice of Congress to the command of her armies? Will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston, where, to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry, his presence gave the stability of system, and infused the invincibility of love of country; or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island, and New Jersey, when, combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets, and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood, the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disaster, unchanged by change of fortune? Or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn down, unaided ranks; himself unmoved? Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter; the storm raged; the Delaware, rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach of man. Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene; his country called; unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile shore; he fought; he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event; and her dauntless Chief, pursuing his blow, completed, in

the lawns of Princeton, what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of Delaware.

Thence to the strong grounds of Morristown he led his small but gallant band; and through an eventful winter, by the high efforts of his genius, whose matchless force was measurable only by the growth of difficulties, he held in check formidable hostile legions, conducted by a chief, experienced in the art of war, and famed for his valor on the ever-memorable Heights of Abraham, where fell Wolfe, Montcalm, and since, our much lamented Montgomery, all covered with glory. In this fortunate interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our fathers, ourselves, animated by his resistless example, rallied around our country's standard, and continued to follow her beloved chief through the various and trying scenes to which the destinies of our Union led.

To the horrid din of battle, sweet peace succeeded; and our virtuous chief, mindful only of the common good in a moment of tempting personal aggrandizement, hushed the discontents of growing sedition; and surrendering his power into the hands from which he had received it, converted his sword into a plowshare, teaching an admiring world that to be truly great you must be truly good.

How novel, how grand the spectacle! Independent States, stretched over an immense territory, and known only by common difficulty, clinging to their union as the rock of their safety, deciding by frank comparison of their relative condition to rear on that rock, under the guidance of reason, a common government through whose commanding protection, liberty and order, with their long train of blessings, should be safe to themselves, and the sure inheritance of their posterity.

This arduous task devolved on citizens selected by the people, from knowledge of their wisdom and confidence in their virtue. In this august assembly of sages and of patriots, Washington of course was found; and as if acknowledged to be most wise where all were wise, with one voice he was declared their chief. How well he merited this rare distinction, how faithful were the labors of him-

self and his compatriots, the work of their hands and our union, strength and prosperity, the fruits of that work, best attest.

This great work remained to be done; and America, steadfast in her preference, with one voice summoned her beloved Washington, unpracticed as he was in the duties of civil administration, to execute this last act in the completion of the national felicity. Obedient to her call, he assumed the high office with that self-distrust peculiar to his innate modesty, the constant attendant of pre-eminent virtue. What was the burst of joy through our anxious land, on this exhilarating event, is known to us all. The aged, the young, the brave, the fair, rivaled each other in demonstrations of their gratitude; and this high-wrought, delightful scene was heightened in its effect by the singular contest between the zeal of the bestowers and the avoidance of the receiver of the honors bestowed.

The presidential term expiring, his solicitude to exchange exaltation for humility returned with a force increased with increase of age; and he had prepared his farewell address to his countrymen, proclaiming his intention, when the united interposition of all around him, enforced by the eventful prospects of the epoch, produced a further sacrifice of inclination to duty. The election of President followed, and Washington, by the unanimous vote of the nation, was called to resume the chief magistracy. What a wonderful fixture of confidence! Which attracts most our admiration, a people so correct, or a citizen combining an assemblage of talents forbidding rivalry, and stifling even envy itself? Such a nation ought to be happy; such a chief must be forever revered.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors kind; and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life: although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

Methinks I see his august image, and hear falling from his venerable lips these deep-sinking words:—

“Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint counsels, joint efforts, and common dangers. Reverence religion; diffuse knowledge throughout your land; patronize the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free government; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with, all nations; shut up every avenue to foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connections; rely on yourselves only; be American in thought and deed. Thus will you give immortality to that Union, which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors. Thus will you preserve, undisturbed to the latest posterity, the felicity of a people to me most dear; and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high heaven bestows.”

NOTES

1. Be able to give a brief sketch of the life of Washington.
2. *Ill-fated Braddock*. Look up Washington's part in Braddock's defeat.
3. Look up the references to Boston, Long Island, York Island, New Jersey, Trenton, Delaware, Princeton, Morristown, Heights of Abraham, and tell important historical incidents connected with each.
4. If possible, read Ford's "The True George Washington" to get a clear idea of the human side of Washington.

5. Be prepared to pronounce and give the meanings of the following words as here used: posterity, consummate, habituated, interposition, yeomanry, precarious, unappalled, aggrandizement, sedition, arduous, august, solicitude, exemplarily, effulgence, tenor, bane, terrestrial, felicity.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Why should Henry Lee be the one to pronounce the eulogy on Washington?
2. Tell briefly of the times in which Washington lived.
3. When and where was this eulogy delivered?
4. In what sense was Lee executing only "a part of the system of public mourning"?
5. Explain "Oh, that this were but questionable!"
6. What was the cause of Washington's death?
7. Explain "bounded only by the limits of earth, and the extent of the human mind."
8. What events in the life of Washington are given by suggestion in the oration?
9. What was accomplished by his presence at Boston?
10. How did Washington take apparent defeat? Explain.
11. Explain "self-collected," "unappalled by surrounding dangers," "Our country rose on the event."
12. How did his genius and skill compare with rival leaders?
13. What was the effect of his "resistless example"?
14. What is meant by "converted his sword into a plowshare"?
15. In what way did he attempt to teach the world that "to be truly great, you must be truly good"?
16. What great responsibility was he next called to face?
17. What showed the boundless confidence of the people in his integrity?
18. What is the strongest eulogy given in this oration?
19. Make a list of Washington's strong traits of character as recognized by the speaker.
20. What did Lee conceive to be Washington's message for the future of the country?
21. How only did Washington feel that the Union could be made permanent?
22. How many of these characteristics do we still ascribe to Washington after more than a hundred years?

REFERENCES

- IRVING: Life of Washington.
SCUDDER: Life of Washington.
LODGE: Life of Washington.
FORD: The True George Washington.
JEFFERSON: The Character of Washington.
SCHOULER: History of the United States.
McMASTER: History of the United States.
READ: The Rising in '76.
DWIGHT: Columbia, Columbia, To Glory Arise.
BYRON: Washington.
LONGFELLOW: Paul Revere's Ride.
PATRICK HENRY: A Call to Arms.
LOWELL: Centennial Hymn.
SCOTT: Patriotism.
FINCH: Nathan Hale.
GILDER: The Celestial Passion.

THE RIGHT WORD

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail or win.

What matter I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said
And life the sweeter made?
— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE pale, tearless face of a grief-stricken woman as she beholds her loved hero dead tells of unutterable agony and of burning tears trickling down within the soul. Her watchers see that relief must come—the relief of tears—or grief will consume her being. The poem sets forth delicately the three experiments which sought to reach the tender well-spring of the sufferer's tears. Generous praise of her hero by his comrades left her silent and motionless. The sight of his face heroic and beautiful in death did not move her. But the warm touch of his little child awakened the impulses of her mother-soul, and through a tempest of tears came relief in the high resolve, "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

Home they brought her warrior dead;

She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry;

All her maidens, watching, said,

"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,

Call'd him worthy to be loved,

Truest friend and noblest foe;

Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,

Lightly to the warrior stept,

Took the face-cloth from the face;

Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee —
Like summer tempest came her tears —
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Read the poem aloud slowly and notice the harmony of movement and sentiment.
2. What clear picture is given in the first stanza?
3. Why could she not weep nor utter cry?
4. What was first done to bring relief? With what result?
5. Why do you think the second attempt at relief failed?
6. Why should a "nurse of ninety years" have keener sympathy than the maiden or even the dead warrior's comrades?
7. How does the nurse seek to give relief? With what result?
8. What has proved the most effective force in reaching the fountain of her tears?
9. How do you account for such subtle power of a little child?
10. For what message do we most cherish the poem?

REFERENCES

Isaiah 11:6.

READ: The Brave at Home.

FINCH: The Blue and the Gray.

CUTLER: The Volunteer.

O'HARA: The Bivouac of the Dead.

LONGFELLOW: Killed at the Færd.

TENNYSON: Charge of the Light Brigade.

RILEY: Leonanie.

ELIZA COOK: Hang up his Harp.

D. G. ROSSETTI: John of Tours.

The whole essence of true gentle-breeding lies in the wish and art to be agreeable. Every look, movement, tone, expression, subject of discourse, that may give pain to another is habitually excluded from conversational intercourse.— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

ROBERT BROWNING

THIS poem is founded on an incident in the siege of Ratisbon,¹ an ancient city of Bavaria. Since the tenth century the famous city has endured no fewer than seventeen sieges, the last of which took place in 1809 when the great Emperor Napoleon stormed the citadel which was obstinately defended by the Austrians. Standing on a little mound a mile away, the fiery chief watched anxiously as if to read the outcome of the fierce conflict. Just as the thought of possible defeat flashes across his mind, he sees a rider dashing toward him through the thick battery smoke. The Emperor watches the swift-moving messenger shoot like an arrow across the open tract, until he dismounts, holds himself erect by his horse's mane, and with a smile of joy announces the victory won. The chief's eye flashed, but presently saddened as he looked on the heroic lad who at fearful cost had placed the eagle standard of his Emperor above the proud citadel. "You are wounded," said Napoleon, as he saw the tell-tale blood forcing its way between the compressed lips of the young hero. The boy's soldier-pride was touched to the quick, and he replied, "Nay, I'm killed, Sire," as he fell dead at the feet of his chief whose dauntless spirit he had caught.

In this incident, Browning makes us feel the intense glow of enthusiasm for a great leader — an enthusiasm which flames into just such individual acts of heroism

¹ Pronounced rät'is-bön.

as the one here given. What must have been the power of this indomitable leader whose boy-soldiers, fired by his spirit, could perform such miracles of heroism!

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :

A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day.
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall, —"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect —
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon,

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

NOTES

1. Ratisbon—The city of Regensburg on the Danube opposite the mouth of the river Regen.
2. Napoleon—Look up the career of Napoleon in any good history text. Locate Regensburg on the map.
3. Prone—Here *inclined*.
4. Lannes—Jean Lannes, Duc de Montebello (1769-1809). One of Napoleon's most brilliant and trusted marshals. He was fatally wounded in the battle of Aspern against the Austrians later in the year.
5. Flag-bird—The eagles of France, or eagle-standard.
6. Vans—Wings.
7. "As sheathes a film the mother-eagle's eye." The eagle, like the chicken or the duck, has a third eyelid, a thin, translucent membrane called the *winking* membrane, which it can draw over its eye at will.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Give a brief sketch of the history of Napoleon.
2. In what characteristic attitude is he pictured to us?
3. Explain "prone brow oppressive with its mind."
4. In what mood was Napoleon when he caught the first glimpse of the approaching messenger?
5. What is shown in "smiling joy"? How do you account for this mood?

6. What tells us how intensely the boy has suffered in his Emperor's cause?
7. Whose "heart's desire" was it? What inspired such a desire?
8. Why should the soldier's pride in the boy be touched to the quick at the suggestion that he was just wounded?
9. In what spirit did the boy make the sacrifice? How can you account for this?
10. What are the most prominent traits of character shown of Napoleon in the poem?
11. What prominent traits are shown of the boy?
12. What inspired in this boy such a spirit of genuine heroism?

REFERENCES

O'REILLY: Ensign Epps the Color Bearer.
 The Drummer Boy at Shiloh.
 WHITTIER: The Hive at Gettysburg.
 HUNT: The Glove and the Lions.
 HUGO: The Carronade.
 HALLECK: Marco Bozzaris.
 TICKNOR: Little Giffin.
 MILLER: The Defense of the Alamo.
 PHOEBE CARY: A Leak in the Dyke.
 MOORE: The Minstrel-Boy.
 PIERPONT: Napoleon at Rest.

SWIMMERS IN A SEA

For we are all, like swimmers in a sea,
 Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
 Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall
 And whether it will heave us up to land,
 Or whether it will roll us out to sea—
 Back out to sea, to the deep wave of death—
 We know not, and no search will make us know;
 Only the event will teach us in its hour.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

IN SCHOOL DAYS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

A HALO lingers around the schoolboy memories of the grown man. To those who are unable to separate the idea of drudgery from thoughts of school, the old man's cherished recollections of the joys, the heartaches, and the associations of school days are incapable of explanation. When the calm musings that come with the ripening years of a well-spent life are revealed to us, we see new reasons for this loving search for the things of the past that childish enthusiasm and admiration have made hallowed and sacred. And this will be so, no matter how forbidding some of the surroundings may have been.

John G. Whittier passed many happy days in the schoolhouse described in the following verses. A tall post at present marks its site. The legend on this post, "Here Whittier went to school," cannot fail to bring to the minds of his friends the little girl on whose grave the grasses had "forty years been growing." On the wall of the room where Whittier was born may still be seen an odd little sampler worked by the busy, nervous fingers that twitched the blue-checked apron at the close of that short but memorable winter day. And when we think how proudly the "restless feet" of the little boy later bore him to the forefront of those who battled for every good cause, we do not wonder that the little brown schoolhouse was very dear to him even in its grotesque ugliness on the bare, bleak New England hillside. No

wonder either that Oliver Wendell Holmes, soon after the publication of the poem, wrote the author congratulating him on having written the greatest schoolboy poem in the English language. Nor is it strange that the genial, warmhearted "Autocrat" found his cheeks wet with tears when he had finished reading the schoolroom idyl.



IN SCHOOL DAYS *

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

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Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because," — the brown eyes lower fell —
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,— because they love him.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Why does he compare the schoolhouse to "a ragged beggar sunning"?
2. On what kind of soil does the sumach especially thrive?
3. Why was the New England schoolhouse placed on such a site?
4. Was the interior of the room in keeping with the exterior?
5. What kind of teachers had been employed in this school?
6. Define "betraying."
7. Why did the feet *creep* to school?
8. What is the emphatic word in line 12?
9. How would you read "Long years ago"?
10. How had it seemed to the boy Whittier when the sun "Lit up its western window pane"?
11. What was the fretting of the eaves?
12. What does he wish to impress upon our memory when he speaks of the *low* eaves?
13. Why were the boy's feet "restless"?
14. Why did the little girl nervously twitch her apron?
15. Why did pride and shame show on the face of the boy?
16. What was unusual in this incident?
17. In what sense is life's school "hard"?

REFERENCES

YATES: The Old Forsaken Schoolhouse.

ENGLISH: Ben Bolt.

Twenty Years Ago.

MORRIS: We Were Boys Together.

RALPH HOYT: Old.

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO

B. F. TAYLOR

THE flight of time is so soothing and so rapid that the life of the past loses much of its sombre coloring. The griefs, the disappointments, and the betrayals of trust that seemed so hideous at the time of their occurrence are forgotten by the healthy mind, and things that are fair and lovely take their place. Even the knowledge of the loss of things most dear is fraught with a joy that moves the heart as nothing else can. The poet sings, "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." The broken toy, the vacant chair, the little blue bonnet, are baptized with tears that come from "a joy that is almost pain, and resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles rain." Thus Taylor, the poet, gives us a peace and inspiration that is subtle and sweet in the poem here presented.

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO¹

Oh, a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

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There's a magical isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle
All the day of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Give as many reasons as you can why time is so often alluded to as a *river*.
2. What is a "realm of tears"?
3. A "faultless rhythm"?
4. What do you see in your mind's eye when you read of the "boundless sweep" of this river?
5. What is "a surge sublime"?

6. What forms the shadow and sheen along the river's course?
7. What is a *magical* isle?
8. Is the verb *playing* in line 12, active or passive?
9. Do you understand that there is but *one* song in this isle?
10. Why should the Long Ago be an *isle* in the river?
11. What are the "heaps of dust" mentioned in line 19?
12. How can a song that nobody sings be a *treasure*?
13. A harp without strings?
14. A broken vow?
15. Why are the rings in *pieces*?
16. What is a *mirage*?
17. What has the author been doing in the first six stanzas?
18. What has been its effect upon him?
19. Why does he exhort us to remember for aye this isle?
20. What is the beautiful smile of evening?
21. How does the author think of death?
22. What only can make this view possible?

REFERENCES

- PROCTER: The Lost Chord. A Doubting Heart.
 BROWNING: Abt Vogler. Rabbi Ben Ezra.
 COSMO MUNKHOUSE: A Dead March.
 MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE: Mystery.
 MARSTON: After Many Days.
 THOMAS MOORE: The Last Rose of Summer. The Light of Other Days. As Slow Our Ship. Love's Young Dream.
 LOUIS CHANDLER MOULTON: Come Back, Dear Days.
 RILEY: The Song I Never Sing.
 STODDARD: It Never Comes Again.
 TENNYSON: Tears, Idle Tears.
 WILHELM MUELLER: The Sunken City.
 RYAN: Song of the Mystic.

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
 The union of States none can sever,
 The union of hearts, the union of hands,
 And the flag of our Union forever!

—George P. Morris.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS

A SMALL congregation of Separatists, a radical branch of the Puritans who rebelled against the Established Church of England, succeeded (1608) in escaping from England to Holland to avoid the wrath of James I. They endured severe hardships in Holland for twelve years, and finally they decided to go to America where "they hoped to build up a strong, prosperous English colony, enjoying entire liberty of worship and advancing the gospel in those remote parts of the world." A band of less than a hundred Pilgrims sailed for America in the Mayflower and, after carefully exploring the Massachusetts coast, landed December 21, 1620, in what has since been known as Plymouth harbor. The rock on which they landed is still proudly shown the traveler as he visits the historic scenes at Plymouth.

To one who has visited Plymouth with its rocky shores and forest-covered hills, the opening picture of the poem is wonderfully vivid. To one who has read the history of the hardships endured, and the obstacles met and overcome by the Pilgrim Fathers, the remaining stanzas are a triumph-song. Mrs. Hemans was English by birth and primarily English in sympathy, but this spectacle of true heroism fired her English heart and she sang this exquisite song to the English speaking people when England's pride was still sorely irritated from a second

defeat at the hands of the descendants of these indomitable colonists.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.—G. H. Boughton

Aye, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod.

They have left unstained what there they found —

Freedom to worship God.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Give a brief sketch of the history of the Pilgrim Fathers. Explain "band of exiles."
2. What were the conditions under which they landed at Plymouth?
3. How did their welcome differ from that of a conqueror returning home?
4. How can you account for their spirit as shown in stanzas four and five?
5. Explain "They sought a faith's pure shrine."
6. Why call the soil upon which they landed "holy ground"?
7. Explain fully the last two lines.
8. What is shown of the character of the pilgrims in this poem?
9. What in later history justifies your conclusion?
10. For what do you think this poem should be most highly prized?

REFERENCES

TENNYSON: England and America in 1782.

PIERPONT: The Pilgrim Fathers.

SWEETSER: The Pilgrims.

EVERETT: The Voyage of the Mayflower.

BUTTERWORTH: The Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor.

SIGOURNEY: The Indian's Welcome to the Pilgrim Fathers.

ELLSWORTH: The Mayflower.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY: The Mayflower.

THE LAST LEAF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

“THIS poem,” says Holmes, “was suggested by the appearance in one of our streets of a venerable relic of the Revolution (Major Thomas Melville), said to be one of the parties who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. He was a fine monumental specimen in his cocked hat and knee breeches, with his buckled shoes and sturdy cane. The smile with which I, as a young man, greeted him, meant no disrespect to an honest fellow-citizen whose costume was out of date, but whose patriotism never changed with years.”

“His aspect among crowds of a later generation,” Holmes explained further, “reminded me of a withered leaf which has held to its stem, through the storms of autumn and winter, and finds itself still clinging to its bough while the new growths of spring are bursting their buds and spreading their foliage all around it.”

Edward Everett Hale, in speaking intimately of men and events during the past eighty years said: “Among the reminiscences of a little boy sitting on his nurse’s knees to see the passers-by, I recall old Major Melville. He used to be called ‘the last of the Boston Tea Party.’ Doctor Holmes wrote a very pretty poem about him, which he called ‘The Last Leaf on the Tree.’”

The poem is, as Abraham Lincoln suggested, “inexpressibly touching,” and it calls forth mingled smiles and tears. Every heart feels the deeper pathos of this

simple picture of the "The Last Leaf" whose work is well-nigh o'er, but whose last feeble days are filled with the pride of patriotism and the consciousness of duty done.

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
 And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
 "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
 At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Describe the old man as he is pictured to us.
2. What hints are given of his past?
3. What pathetic touches in stanza three?
4. Memorize the fourth stanza. Why is it so often quoted?
5. What is the meaning of "bloom"?
6. What tells of the extreme old age of the man?
7. Explain, "the pruning-knife of Time cut him down."
8. Contrast the youth and age of the Last Leaf.
9. How does the author justify his smiling at the poor old man?
10. What causes the author, at heart, to respect the old man?
11. Though we too may smile, what causes each of us to appreciate keenly this picture?

REFERENCES

- MOORE: Last Rose of Summer.
RALPH HOYT: Old.
ALBERT GORDON GREENE: Old Grimes.
LONGFELLOW: My Lost Youth.
PARK BENJAMIN: The Old Sexton.
BURGESS JOHNSON: When Old Age Comes.
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR: To Age.
RODEN NOEL: The Old.
HOLMES: The Living Temple.
CHARLES LAMB: The Old Familiar Faces.
THACKERAY: The Play is Done.
ANONYMOUS: Only Waiting.
WORDSWORTH: Simon Lee.
-

THOU WOULD'ST BE LOVED?

Thou would'st be loved? Then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not;
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love a simple duty.

—*Edgar Allan Poe.*

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

THIS poem is regarded by many as a typical biography of the soul. The author, John Henry Newman, after graduating from Oxford, became a wonderful minister in the Church of England. After some years of prominence as an Episcopalian leader, he became convinced that his belief was wrong. After careful thought and prayer, he entered the Roman Catholic Church and was later created Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII. For over fifty years he was one of England's most effective religious leaders.

The first stanza of the song is an invocation and prayer. The writer had passed through questioning and doubt to sublime faith in God's love and leading, and in sweet humility of spirit he asks, not that all be made clear, but declares that, of God's purpose, merely "one step" will suffice.

In the second stanza he recalls past experiences when, as a youth, proud and wilful, he desired to choose his own course, but now he prays that these years shall not be remembered against him.

He remembers that, even through devious ways of doubt and gloom and pride and rebellion, God's goodness has gently guided him, and he has faith that "the same power will lead him through the dark night of doubt till the Angels of love and faith, in whom he once trusted

but whom he has doubted for a time, will come about him and smile their welcome to the light."

This song, loved from the first by all humble searchers after truth, is rendered doubly sacred by reason of its association with the closing scene in the life of our martyred President McKinley. This song was a great favorite of his, and it was sung to him amid the shadows as his great heart beat its last.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost the while!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Give some important facts concerning the author of the poem.
2. In what spirit does the poet begin the poem?
3. Why *kindly* Light?
4. Explain "far from home."
5. What is "the distant scene"? "One step"?
6. In what spirit had the poet been in earlier days?
7. Why does he wish past years not remembered?
8. What gives him confidence that the Light "still will lead me on"?
9. What do "moor and fen" and "crag and torrent" symbolize?
10. Explain "loved long since," "lost awhile."
11. What universal message in this song?

REFERENCES

LYTE: Abide With Me.

WESLEY: Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

TOPLADY: Rock of Ages.

ADAMS: Nearer, My God, to Thee.

TENNYSON: Merlin and the Gleam. Ask Me No More.

BROWNING: Epilogue to Asolando.

WHITTIER: Eternal Goodness.

POE: Hymn, At Morn, At Noon.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE: Prayer.

NEWMAN: The Sign of the Cross. The Dream of Gerontius.

ADELAIDE PROCTER: Per Pacem ad Lucem.

CHARLES MACKAY: Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds.

GERALD MASSEY: His Banner Over Me is Love.

HORATIUS BONAR: Abide with Us.

I hold it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.
 —*Alfred Tennyson.*

WALPOLE AND PITT

THERE are few who do not respect old age. Young men are proud of compliments or special recognition given by older men. It is natural for the young to reverence age with its experience and wisdom. In return older persons are proud to extend favors to the young, and anxious to gain their good will.

No one respects a child who is saucy or impudent to older people. Neither do we respect the older persons who show contempt for young people. In the following extracts, we are given the spectacle of an old man loudly denouncing a rising young orator for his "formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods," and suggesting that "excursions of fancy and flights of oratory may be pardonable in *young men*, but in no other."

Sir Horace Walpole had received the plaudits of his countrymen for many years on account of his numerous clever feats of statecraft. At the time of delivering the following speech, he was well on in years and political experience. Mr. Pitt was a young man of but twenty-seven years of age. His keenness of perception and grasp of affairs combined with his native eloquence to make him an opponent worthy of notice. After this had been forced upon the attention of Walpole, the latter delivered the

following scathing invective against his young opponent, already recognized by many as a worthy rival.

WALPOLE AND PITT

WALPOLE'S DENUNCIATION

I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate while it was carried on, with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardor of opposition to cloud their reason or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit.

I have hitherto deferred answering the gentleman, who declaimed against the bill with such fluency and rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture; who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed with having no regard to any interests but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and ignorance. Nor do I now answer him for any other purpose than to remind him how little the clamor of rage and the petulancy of invective contribute to the end for which this assembly is called together; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established by pompous diction and theatrical emotion.

Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and, perhaps, the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of his temper would permit him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn, in time, to reason rather than to declaim; and to prefer justness of argument and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets and splendid superlatives,

which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression upon the mind. He would learn that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them.

Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it surely would contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of the administration), to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

PITT'S REPLY

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with hoping that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to a man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he can not enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth is not my only crime; I am accused of playing a theatrical part. A theatrical part may imply some peculiarity of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real senti-

ments and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modeled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment.

But with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of the opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them was the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainies, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

NOTES

1. Read a good biographical sketch of each of these men. Henry Grattan's "Character of Mr. Pitt" will give you some idea of Pitt's characteristics. Bulwer has written a drama entitled *Walpole*, which will shed light upon the methods and characteristics of that actor in this episode.
2. Look up the origin of the name Pittsburg.
3. Find out all you can of the attitude of Pitt toward America's struggle for freedom.

4. Define as used in this lesson: ardor, transport, deferred, defection, petulancy, invective, pompous diction, periods, indisputable, atrocious, palliate, imputed, obstinacy, abhorrence, imply, dissimulation, confuted, solicitously, mien, calumniator, scruple, supercilious, censure, aggressor.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Was Walpole calm when he spoke the first sentence?
2. What suggestion in the sentence?
3. What reason does he give for answering Pitt?
4. Could any good come of doing what he says he aimed to do?
5. How does he class Pitt's oratory?
6. What would naturally be inferred as to the character of one who would answer such "oratory"?
7. Does Walpole show any "heat of temper"?
8. What is the thing he seems most to dwell upon in his characterization of his opponent?
9. Does Walpole prove anything in his speech?
10. Does Pitt really think being young an "atrocious crime"?
11. Does he either think Walpole honorable or admire his spirit?
12. What hint in the last part of his first sentence?
13. What does he insinuate by saying: "I will not assume the province of determining"?
14. Of whom is he evidently thinking when he says: "The wretch, who after seeing the consequences of a thousand errors," etc.?
15. In the next sentence, does he confine his remarks to Walpole's invective against himself?
16. Does he accurately define acting a theatrical part?
17. How does he proceed to answer the charge?
18. What does he show is being used by Walpole which was denied himself?
19. What does he mean by, "If I had acted a borrowed part I should have avoided their censure"?
20. What, in Walpole's speech, remains undestroyed?
21. Is Pitt more or less discourteous than Walpole?
22. What deeper meaning do you get from this incident?

REFERENCES

- PATTEN: The Seminole's Defiance.
SCOTT: Parting of Marmion and Douglas.
WILLIAMS: Omar and The Persian.
DE AMICIS: The Fight.
ARNOLD: Sohrab and Rustum.
WEBSTER: Reply to Hayne.
Lincoln-Douglas Debates.
-

FRANKLIN EPIGRAMS

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.
Whate'er's begun in anger ends in shame.
The discontented man finds no easy chair.
Sloth makes all things difficult; industry, easy.
It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance.
A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.
When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.
A little neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost.

L'ENVOI

RUDYARD KIPLING

K IPLING'S life and hope, akin to the life and hope of every soul, are mirrored here. Severe labor, which meets only stinging criticism, causes the soul to sigh for rest — not the rest of eternity, but the infinite rest that fits the soul to do infinite work throughout an eternity under the eye of the Master. Each soul shall work without human limitations, with saints as models, and with no hint of weariness. No critic save the Master shall "praise" or "blame," and the soul's highest service shall be to "draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they are."

L'ENVOI

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest
critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it — lie down for
an æon or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen shall set us to work
anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in
a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of
comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalenie,
Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired
at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master
shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work
for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his
separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things
as they are.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What in Kipling's own experience probably prompted the statement in the first paragraph?
2. What is the nature of the rest longed for?
3. Then after the rest, what will the souls do?
4. What expressions show that all human limitations will be removed?
5. Why does the author mention "ten-league canvas," "brushes of comets' hair"?
6. Why mention real saints?
7. Why emphasize "never be tired at all"?
8. What kind of critic shall scan the infinite work of the soul?
9. What shall be the true motive for work in that infinite life?
10. What does Kipling think is the greatest possible incentive to work?

REFERENCES

- BROWNING: The Patriot. Andrea Del Sarto. Epilogue to Asolando.
Prospice.
BONAR: The Master's Touch.
CHANNING: A Poet's Hope.
WALTER C. SMITH: The Self-Exiled.

No man is born into this world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.
—James Russell Lowell.

A LIFE LESSON

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THE voice of sympathy that soothes care and trouble renders a real service to humanity. Riley is broad in his sympathy and keen in his insight into life, and the following poem is probably his masterpiece of sympathy and insight. The very first line is aglow with warmth and gentleness. Time will soon heal childhood's troubles. A larger life of buoyant love will soon crowd out school-day worries. Even disappointed age is consoled by the assurance that Heaven holds all for which the soul sighs.

In this poem the author has shown us the world's attitude toward grief. In the first stanza, childhood is quieted with the promise that "childish troubles will soon pass by." The second stanza represents youth with the assurance that sorrows shall vanish in approaching love. The third stanza pictures age facing Heaven's wide-open doors with the promise of final peace in the fulfilment of every dream of the soul.

Babes, youths, and grown-ups are, after all, much the same, always consoled by some sweet hope that lures on to greater things, — and becoming harder to guide and comfort as the years increase.



FAMILY CARES—*E. C. Barnes*

A LIFE LESSON*

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.—
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.—
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.—
There! little girl, don't cry!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What picture is given in the first stanza?
2. What consolation?
3. What period of life is dealt with in stanza two?
4. Explain "life and love will soon come by."
5. Then what shall soothe the grief at this time?
6. What next period is interpreted?
7. What consolations for grief in age?
8. What then does Riley represent to be the world's attitude toward grief?
9. What deeper note of consolation for suffering and grief is sounded in this poem?

* From Riley Child Rhymes, copyright, 1905. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

REFERENCES

HENRY VAUGHN: The Retreat.

JOHN BURROUGHS: Waiting.

LONGFELLOW: Psalm of Life.

LOWELL: The First Snowfall.

WHITTIER: The Eternal Goodness. The Barefoot Boy.

LONGFELLOW: The Children. The Children's Hour.

A ROSE TO THE LIVING

A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead;
In filling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more,
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled,
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.
— *Nixon Waterman.*

THE GREAT THING

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven we must sail, sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON TOWN

GEORGE R. SIMS

HEART-broken, worn, and weary, a man and woman return from the great city to their native village in the country districts of England. They had fought in vain against penury and want, and, defeated, they now return heartsick to the humble little home whence as mere lad and lassie, blithe of spirit, they followed the gleaming lights of London Town in search of fame and fortune.

To young people reared in rural districts or in small villages, the great city has many allurements. The broad walks, finely paved streets, magnificent buildings, brilliant lights, fast-moving vehicles, and surging multitudes, enchant and charm. The ambitious country lad longs to enter the mad current of life, to make vast fortunes, and to rise to places of highest honor, little dreaming of the tireless struggles, dire hardships, and, perchance, defeats, in store. In this poem, every reader who has seen visions or dreamed dreams is fully disenchanted. All glitter and gloss is removed. Every young person who longs for life in a great city should read this message thoughtfully and resolve to face stern realities wherever he may seek to do his life work.

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON TOWN

The way was long and weary,
But gallantly they strode,
A country lad and lassie,
Along the heavy road.
The night was dark and stormy,
But blithe of heart were they,
For shining in the distance
The Lights of London lay.

O gleaming lamps of London that gem the City's crown,
What fortunes lie within you, O Lights of London Town.

The year passed on and found them
Within the mighty fold,
The years had brought them trouble,
But brought them little gold.
Oft from their garret window,
On long still summer nights,
They'd seek the far-off country
Beyond the London lights.

O mocking lamps of London, what weary eyes look down,
And mourn the day they saw you, O Lights of London
Town.

With faces worn and weary,
That told of sorrow's load,
One day a man and woman
Crept down a country road.
They sought their native village,
Heart-broken from the fray;
Yet shining still behind them,
The Lights of London lay.

O cruel lamps of London, if tears your lights could drown,
Your victims' eyes would weep them, O Lights of London
Town.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. In what mood were the man and woman returning to their native village?
2. Where had they been?
3. In what mood did they enter the great city?
4. What do you think attracted them to the city?
5. What were their fortunes in the "mighty fold"?
6. What mood prompted them to look yearningly back from their garret window toward their home village?
7. Explain "mocking lamps."
8. Why earlier "gleaming lamps"?
9. Why afterwards "cruel lamps"?
10. In what sense were the lad and lassie "victims" to the Lights of London Town?
11. What universal truth does this poem contain?

REFERENCES

BROWNING: Up at a Villa—Down in the City.

HOOD: I Remember, I Remember.

FELICIA HEMANS: The Homes of England.

MRS. SHERWOOD: Carcassone.

RILEY: Grigsby Station.

WILL CARLETON: The New House.

ROBERT BUCHANAN: Spring Song in the City.

JOHN DAVIDSON: London.

STEVENSON: Farewell to the Farm.

EVELYN UNDERHILL: Uxbridge Road.

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

— *Arthur Hugh Clough.*

LITTLE BOY BLUE

EUGENE FIELD

SOME have mistakenly thought this delicate gem is primarily for children,—it is the burst of grief of a bereaved father's heart.

Although children love this beautiful poem it is not a *child's* poem; it is a father's poem *about* a child. Its sweet and lofty sentiment requires a grown-up experience to appreciate it fully. Eugene Field's tender heart was stricken with grief over the death of his beloved little son — a grief intensified yet mellowed and sweetened since the angel song *awakened* the loved dreamer. With tender care, the toys have been left where the tiny hands placed them, and they seem almost a part of the little lost one as the father stands over them and calls to mind the scenes in which the little prattler gave them life. Filled with the tenderness of mingled love and sorrow the father's heart breathes forth *this exquisite melody of parental grief*.

LITTLE BOY BLUE *

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

* From "A Little Book of Western Verse"; copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Under what circumstances was this poem written?
2. Why should the toys remain untouched?
3. Who is speaking the first lines of the second stanza?
4. In what manner was he saying these words?
5. To whom are the years *many* and *long*?
6. What in the father's heart leads him to imagine that these silent toys are waiting faithfully for their little master's return?
7. What comfort comes to the father in the scenes and reminiscences recounted?
8. What has touched the heart of the father so sympathetically?
9. What infinite hope is suggested to the grief-stricken father?
10. Wherein lies the chief charm of this little poem?

REFERENCES

GILDER: A Child.

FIELD: The Lyttel Boy.

RILEY: Bereaved. Leonanie. The Lost Kiss.

A. C. SWINBURNE: The Salt of the Earth.

EMMON A. BROWN: Measuring the Baby.
LOWELL: The First Snowfall. The Changeling.
HARRY R. SMITH: The Long Night.
FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT: Van Elsen.
LONGFELLOW: The Reaper and the Flowers. The Children's Hour.
ELLEN HOWARTH: 'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.
STEPHEN HENRY THAYER: The Waiting Choir.
GERALD MASSEY: Christie's Portrait. Little Willie.
GEORGE BARLOW: The Dead Child.
JOHN PIERPONT: My Child.
WILLIAM C. BENNETT: Baby Shoes.
WORDSWORTH: Lucy Gray.

INSIGHT

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.
—*Matthew Arnold.*

OUR FLAG

Then, up with our flag! let it stream on the air;
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike, they had souls that
could dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner! where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around,
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

— *George Washington Cutter.*



ST. CECILIA.—*Naujok*

THE LOST CHORD

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

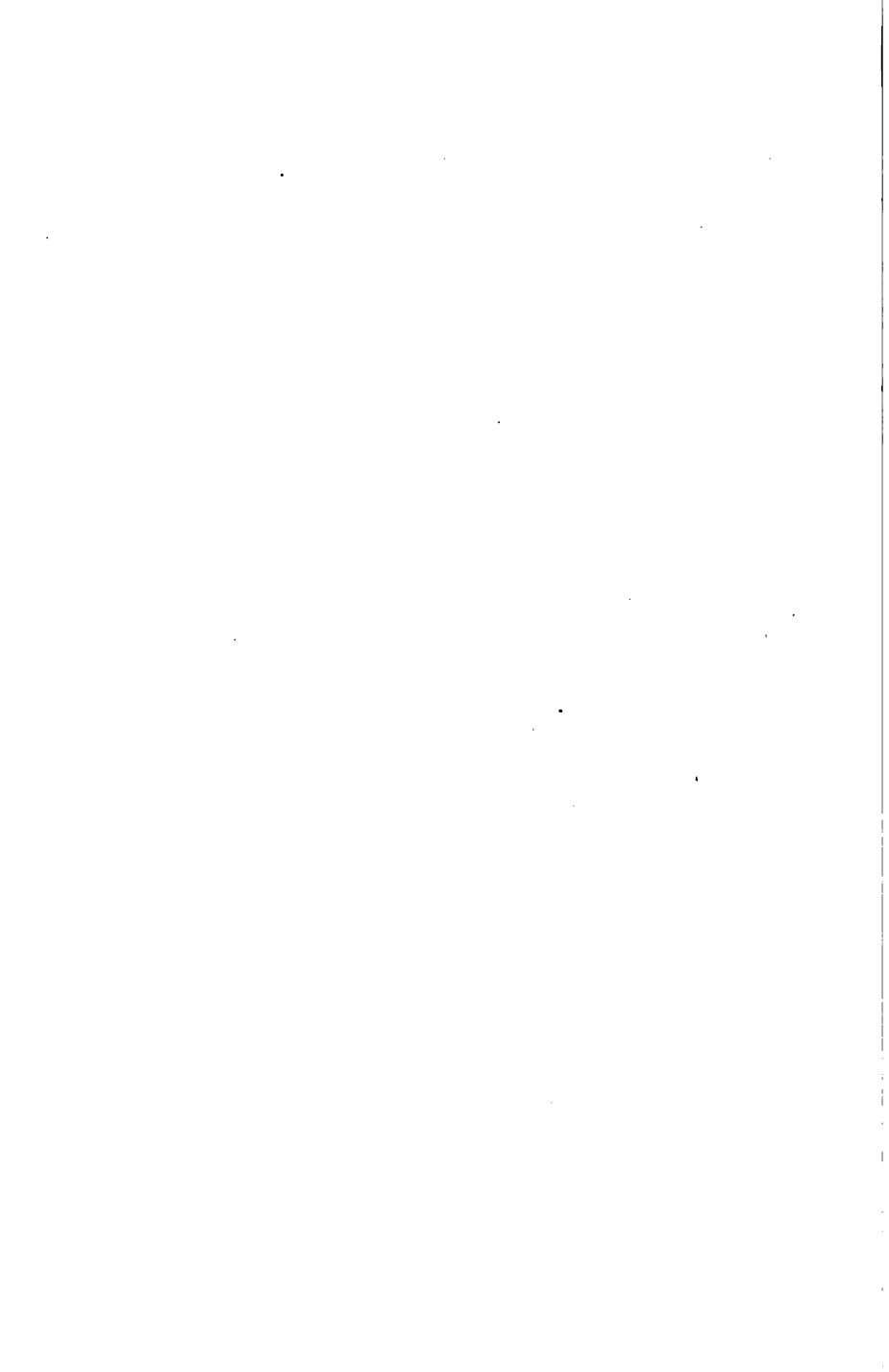
LONG since, the sweet English singer said:
"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."

Harmony begets harmony. Harmonious blendings of colors or sounds tend to place us in harmony with the divine plan. The attainment of such a relation is an enviable achievement, but the bootless search for a lost or ideal harmony is not totally without pleasure and benefit, as is shown in the following poem, which embodies the hope that springs triumphant over the sorrows and disappointments of life. The human soul insists, as upon its own life, "We always may be what we might have been."

THE LOST CHORD

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.



MARCO BOZZARIS

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

FOR nearly four hundred years, Greece had endured the hateful Turkish bondage. Every uprising for freedom was crushed with rigorous cruelty. Finally, in 1821, the spirit of liberty flamed into inextinguishable revolt. Lord Byron, with many other lovers of liberty, took an active part in the heroic struggle. The Turks plundered, pillaged, and murdered. In the desperate contest, one-half of the population of Greece is said to have perished, and large tracts of land were devastated. In 1823, in the very heat of this relentless struggle, Marco Bozzaris,¹ patriot of Suli and leader of his Suliote band, during a fierce night attack on the enemy's camp, at Laspi,² the site of Old Plataea,³ fell in the moment of victory with these words on his dying lips, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain." His unconquerable spirit fired the hearts of all Europe. Fitz-Greene Halleck, an American by birth and a patriot at heart, on his visit to Europe caught the spirit of heroic sacrifice of this Greek leader, and heralded it forth to the world in "one of the finest martial lyrics in the language."

MARCO BOZZARIS*

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:

* Used by the courteous permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company.

¹ Anglicized pronunciation, bō-zār'is.

³ Pronounced plā-tē'ā.

² Pronounced lās'pē.

In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
In old Plataea's day;
And now, there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and souls to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke—to die 'mid flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!”

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,

MIDSUMMER

J. T. TROWBRIDGE

HAPPY is that poet whose genius is tuned to catch the "invisible spirit of the air" and to transfuse it into part and parcel of our own experiences until we are able to see the common things of life with the poet's eye and understanding. It is not to every one that "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods." Most of us must be taught to love Nature in her varying moods.

Some poets have been peculiarly successful in such teaching; for instance, almost no one can read Bryant's *Death of the Flowers* without being thrilled with the creation of the dreamy unreality of the fading autumn. J. T. Trowbridge is able to teach in the same way, as is shown by the following poem. He tactfully selects details whose absence would render the lesson incomplete, and pictures them in his characteristic liquid melody of verse with a grace that charms all. Such work is always worth while and renders its product worthy a place among those things that help.

The following poem has the true ring of one who has heard the voices of Nature and who has communed with her visible forms. In the "holy silence" of Nature, the author's thrilling soul can hear the voice of Nature's God.

MIDSUMMER*

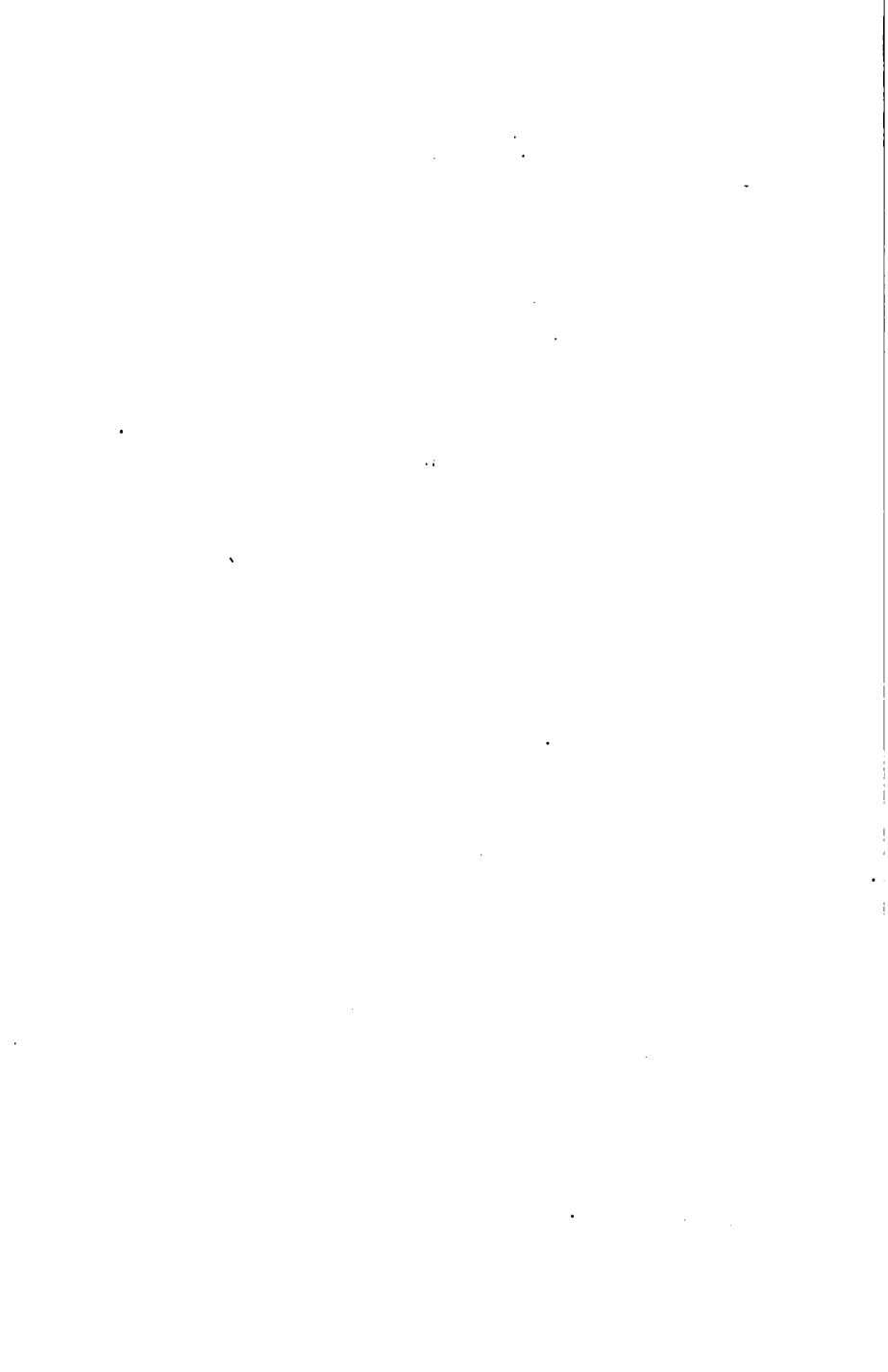
Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.
O, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the Summer lays!
Becalmed along the azure sky,
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer-day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet,—
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers, as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row:
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.

The cattle graze, while warm and still
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, where summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.
The butterfly and humblebee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.

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MY DOG BLANCO

J. G. HOLLAND

THE ranks of poets and artists are filled with dog lovers. Who can forget the dogs of St. Bernard¹ or the faithful collie of Scott's *Helvellyn*² or that, in the hunt in *The Lady of the Lake*, "scarce a spear's length from his haunch, vindictive, toiled the bloodhounds staunch." That gentle poet himself said, "The worst thing about owning a dog is having him die." William Cowper was inconsolable for a long time after the death of his favorite dog. Sir Edwin Landseer found his happiest inspirations in reproducing on canvas the features of his canine friends. Rosa Bonheur³ left among her pictures the results of much painstaking labor in bringing her favorite dogs into a wider circle of friends and admirers. According to the following poem our own J. G. Holland finds a powerful incentive to stronger fidelity to the great Master in the example of old Blanco. This quality of heart and mind, no less than Holland's simple and direct style of writing, has made this author appreciated to a remarkable degree in his native country.

MY DOG BLANCO *

My dear dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street,

* From "The Complete Poetical Writings of J. G. Holland"; copyright, 1879, 1881, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

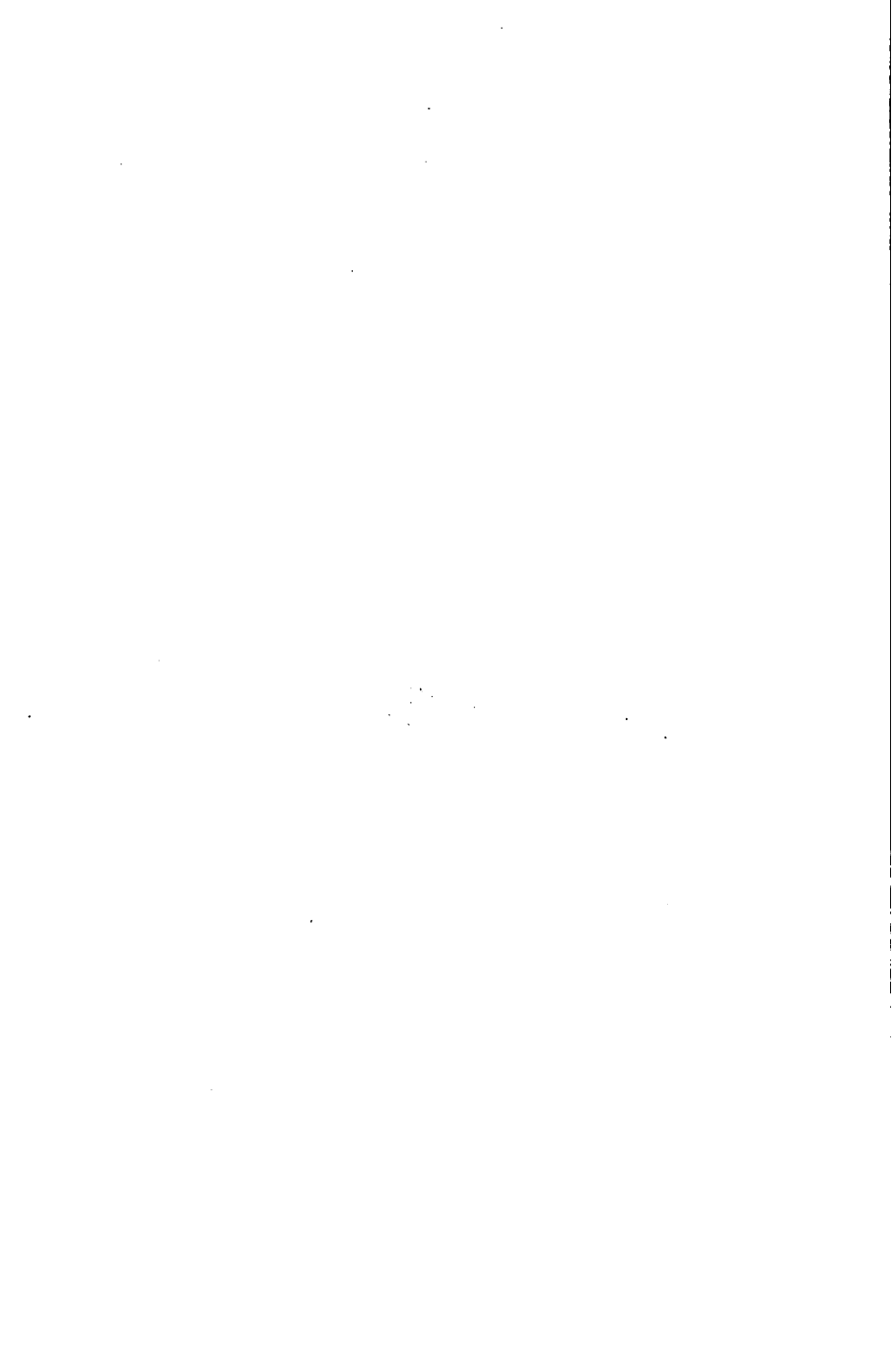
¹ Pronounced bûr'nârd.

³ Pronounced bô'nûr'.

² Pronounced hêl-vêl'in.



DISTINGUISHED MEMBER HUMANE SOCIETY.—*Landseer*





O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

WALT WHITMAN, a unique American author and poet, has outstripped all contemporaries in his great lyric tribute to Abraham Lincoln. During the second year of the Civil War, Whitman, already brought into prominence by Emerson's word of commendation, left his Brooklyn home and became a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals in Washington. To this service he devoted much of his time, energy, and money until after the close of the war. It is said that he personally visited and ministered to over one hundred thousand sick and wounded Union and Confederate soldiers. Brought thus into personal touch with war's horrors, and being a warm friend and admirer of Lincoln, he felt vitally the power and value of his captain's sagacious leadership.

When Lincoln was assassinated, it was for Walt Whitman, poet, journalist, and army nurse, to sound forth in exquisite eulogy the noblest lyric note of that sad hour. In this poem, the Civil War is figured as a fearful and perilous voyage of the Ship of State, the Nation. As the great ship is safely anchored, her object won, amid the exultations of thronging multitudes, the captain falls dead on the deck.

Of the many tributes to Lincoln this best interprets the sense of personal loss and deep sorrow in the hearts of the North, mingled with their pride and exultation



ST. GAUDENS' STATUE OF LINCOLN, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

over his work so well done. No note of bitterness, no battle-hymn, no triumph-song — just a deep sense of personal loss — a mist of tears — that sweetens forever our appreciation of the immortal Lincoln. This poem should be read in every schoolroom in the land until every head should bow in sacred appreciation of our country's sacrifice upon the altar of Freedom.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is
won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the
shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done.

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What opportunity did Whitman have to know personally the character and work of Lincoln?
2. How does the poet conceive of the Civil War? Explain the figure fully.
3. What is the significance of "O heart, heart, heart"?
4. What does each part of the title tell us at the outset?
5. Why "some dream"?
6. Why "*My father*"?
7. What touches reveal the keen sense of personal loss?
8. What sounds the note of exultation over the "object won"?
9. Explain fully the sense in which this poem is an interpretation and appreciation of the life and tragic death of Lincoln.

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WORDSWORTH: Character of the Happy Warrior.

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LOWELL: Centennial Hymn. Lincoln.

STODDARD: Abraham Lincoln.

STEDMAN: The Hand of Lincoln.

TOM TAYLOR: Abraham Lincoln.

THE WRECK

CHARLES DICKENS

IT was a part of the plan of the great novelist, Charles Dickens, to show that "true worth is in being, not seeming."

In developing his characters, he revealed each in its true nature. Beneath all man-made or artificial distinctions of dress, wealth, or rank, he caused the soul of each character to shine forth in its true light. According to Dickens' teachings, the coward, though a king clothed in cloth of gold, is a coward still. The high-souled digger of ditches, in spite of rags and jeers, cannot conceal his royal nature. In no one of his works is this more powerfully driven home than in *David Copperfield*, from which the following is an extract. John Ruskin, the celebrated art critic, declares this to be the best description of a storm in the English language.

David Copperfield was befriended in his childhood by an uncouth fisher lad, the "Ham" of this story. As he reached manhood, Ham became the accepted lover of a sweet and winsome young woman. She was won away from him by a certain Steerforth, the petted and spoiled darling of a wealthy and indulgent mother. In accordance with the dramatic justice always dealt out by Dickens, "the active figure left alone on the mast" proved to be Steerforth, and Ham's knightly courage led

him to sacrifice his life in an attempt to save the life of the one who had wronged him beyond measure.

THE WRECK

"Don't you think that a very remarkable sky?" I asked the coachman in the first stage out of London. "I don't remember to have seen one like it."

"Nor I—not equal to it," he replied. "That's wind, sir. There'll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before long."

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a color like the color of smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened.

There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast. But as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow harder and harder. It still increased until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short), the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over.

At last we got into Yarmouth. I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met, at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some, now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads, as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; shipowners, excited and uneasy; children, huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, leveling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth.

When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

I went back to the inn; and when I had washed and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire, when the waiter coming to stir it, as an excuse for talking, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away; and that some other ships

had been seen laboring hard in the Roads, and trying, in great distress, to keep off shore.

If such a wind could rise, I think it was rising. The howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of the very house that sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea, were more fearful than in the morning. But there was now a great darkness besides; and that invested the storm with new terrors, real and fanciful.

I could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not continue steadfast to anything. I walked to and fro, tried to read an old gazetteer, listened to the awful noises; looked at faces, scenes, and figures in the fire. At length, the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed. I went to bed, exceedingly weary and heavy; but, on my lying down, all such sensations vanished, as if by magic, and I was broad awake, with every sense refined.

For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining, now, that I heard shrieks out at sea; now, that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns; and now, the fall of houses in the town. I got up several times, and looked out; but could see nothing, except the reflection in the window-panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and of my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void.

At length my restlessness attained to such a pitch, that I hurried on my clothes, and went down stairs. In the large kitchen, where I dimly saw bacon and ropes of onions hanging from the beams, the watchers were clustered together in various attitudes about a table.

I remained there, I dare say, two hours. Once, I opened the yard-gate, and looked into the empty street. The sand, the seaweed, and the flakes of foam, were driving by; and I was obliged to call for assistance before I could shut the gate again, and make it fast against the wind.

There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber, when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell — off a tower and down a precipice — into the depths of sleep.

When I awoke it was broad day, — eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, and some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! close by!"

I sprang out of bed, and asked, "What wreck?"

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street. Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, but the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm to the left. Then I saw it; close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat — which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable — beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made, to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But

a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatmen hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprang wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind.

Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way — I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand — that the lifeboat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people

on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him, to repeat my appeal for help. But the determination in his face, and his look, out to sea, awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry rose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 't is come. If 't an't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a-going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but I saw him standing alone, a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist; another round his body, and several men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack, upon the shore at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpracticed eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body he dashed in after it, and in a moment

was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed to give hurriedly some directions for leaving him more free — or so I judged from the motion of his arms — and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it,— when a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship,— he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet — insensible — dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

NOTES

1. In the story. David Copperfield is supposed to be relating the events as they occurred after his long friendship with Ham and his family.
2. No one can read this thrilling narrative without being impressed with a feeling of awe. Try to notice how the author produces this effect.
3. Define as used here: remarkable, extraordinary, blotches, tiles, lurking, sheer, foundered, grizzled sailors, leveling their glasses, surveying, receding, white-headed billows, tumultuously, colliers, prodigious, invested, gazetteer, faint candle, haggard, attained, clamoring, outstripping, lulled, agitation,

infinitely, terrific, interminable, entangled, maze, rigging, inconceivable, descried, conspicuous, audible, made a clean breach, boiling surge, cordage, sweep of her deck, knell, frantically imploring, perceived, endanger the precautions, slung to, slack, valiantly, eddying, restoration.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What do you understand by "the first *stage* out of London"?
2. Why did the coachman at once think of the mischief *at sea*?
3. Why did Copperfield go down to look at the sea?
4. Why were so many of the villagers out in such a storm?
5. Why were the shipowners *excited*?
6. Why should Copperfield be unable to sleep?
7. What made it seem so terrible after dark?
8. For what were the people of the inn watching in the kitchen?
9. What was the state of Copperfield's mind, even though so weary he was forced to sleep?
10. Is it customary for an inn-keeper to waken his guests on account of some trivial happening?
11. Why did not Copperfield object to being awakened?
12. What rendered the active figure on the wreck conspicuous?
13. What was the relative position of the ship and the waves where the ringing of the bell is described?
14. Would the bell ring rapidly?
15. What crazed the people rushing about for help?
16. Why did Ham's determination sober Copperfield?
17. Did Ham know more or less about the sea than the ordinary man?
18. Did he fully realize the danger?
19. What shows his coolness in the face of danger?
20. What was the purpose of the second rope he carried?
21. What was remarkable in his manner of entering the water?
22. What would the first failure seem to prove to most men?
23. How was his chance of success affected by the first unsuccessful struggle?
24. Tell what you honestly think of Ham and his deed.

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KINDNESS

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word — a look — has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

— *Colesworthy.*

OLD IRONSIDES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE United States frigate, the *Constitution*, called "Old Ironsides" because her crew insisted that the shot of the enemy rebounded from her sides, was first commissioned in the United States navy in 1798. In 1804 she first became distinguished as leader of the brilliant naval attack on Tripoli. But her deathless glory rests on her signal victories in the War of 1812, chief of which was the complete destruction of the *Guerrière*¹ in a fierce thirty-minute engagement, August 19, 1812. For this victory Captain Hull was given rousing ovations in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Congress awarded him a gold medal and appropriated fifty thousand dollars as a reward to him and his brave crew. Other victories followed in rapid succession, and the *Constitution* became a veritable "eagle of the sea."

In 1828, after a glorious career, the old frigate was pronounced unseaworthy, and the naval authorities ordered that she be dismantled. This order met a general murmur of disapproval, which burst into a storm of indignant protest after the fiery heart of the youthful Holmes had dictated the following remarkable lyric. His poet's eye sees the heroic old vessel sweeping proudly into port, her tattered flag at top mast, seemingly conscious of having lent herself to the protection of the bodies of heroes and to the preservation of human liberty, but all unconscious of

¹ Pronounced gër'rê-ër'.



THE CONSTITUTION — "OLD IRONSIDES" — *Johnson*

her impending fate at the hands of those who should be her friends. This impassioned appeal so charged the national heart that the poem was printed as a handbill and scattered broadcast in the streets of Washington. It is not remarkable that the order was rescinded and that after being rebuilt in 1833, "Old Ironsides" kept her stately course as the historic queen of the American navy until 1855. Now full of honors, revered and loved, she rides in a safe anchorage in the Charlestown navy yard.

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee,—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning, and the gale!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What called forth this poem, and in what spirit was it written?
2. Why not call the vessel by her real name?
3. What feeling seems to possess the soul of the poet in the first stanza? In the second?
4. What characteristic is given the ship in the first stanza?
5. How are you led to think of the ship, as a mass of spars and rigging, or as a living, feeling thing?
6. To what does the second stanza refer?
7. Why should the poet call her an "eagle"?
8. Is a "tattered ensign" one affected merely by action of the wind?
9. In what sense was the frigate's flag a "meteor"?
10. What kind of burial place is the sea?
11. Why is a flag ever "nailed" to the mast?
12. Why does he call the flag "holy"?
13. Why not capitalize the word "god" in the last stanza?
14. What feeling inspired Holmes as he wrote that last stanza?
15. What substitute for *dismantling* is suggested?
16. Why should such an alternative be preferred?
17. What in this protest has endeared it to the American heart?
What higher patriotic sentiment pervades the poem?

REFERENCES

- DWIGHT: Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
 DRAKE: American Flag.
 CAMPBELL: Ye Mariners of England.
 ROCHE: The "Constitution's" Last Fight.
 TENNYSON: The Revenge.
 LONGFELLOW: The Cumberland.
 BROWNING: Hervé Riel.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

ALICE CARY

NO poem of Alice Cary's has been more widely studied in the public schools of America. Every school child catches at once the rare delicacy and simplicity of the poem. A child older grown is pleading with the painter to paint a picture of the old home and its surroundings. A flood of memories crowds in as these things are detailed. Dearer than the memories of the old house itself, or of woods, cornfields, and grazing herds, is the sweet vision of the angel mother, who with two little urchins at her knee must form the central life-group of the picture. All the pleasantest scenes the painter is asked to paint, but that for which the picture is made sacred to the poet's soul, must be left to the imagination. The *look of reproachful woe* in the eyes of the mother as she looked through the tell-tale faces clear to the lies in the souls of the children she loves — this the painter must not paint. It was the *look of reproachful woe* in the mother's face that had burned out the lie from the soul of a child who, grown, regretted the childish mistake, and who worshiped the sainted mother whose pure life had been an inspiration to noble living.

The child now grown is speaking and giving the painter the order for a picture of the childhood home. •

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

Oh, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and corn fields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
Always and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)—
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and corn fields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me:
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Who is the speaker? What enthusiasm is shown at the outset over the picture?
2. What natural scenes must form the background of the picture?
3. Explain "the wind can hardly find breathing-room under their tassels."
4. Why does the speaker say, "Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound"?
5. How would the child have the old home itself painted?
6. What tribute is paid to the mother in stanza 3?
7. What life-group is to form the foreground of the picture?
8. What has since become of the two urchins? What things are told which are not to go into the picture?
9. Why were these two urchins half-afraid of familiar, natural sounds?
10. Why were they afraid to go home? What had they done?
11. Of what lie were these urchins guilty? Why does the speaker take all the blame?
12. How was the lie detected? What effect on the mother?
13. What effect on the urchins of that look?
14. Why does the speaker urge that that *look* shall be left out of the picture?
15. Describe the picture as it is to be when completed. What is the message of the picture?

REFERENCES

- PAYNE: Home, Sweet Home.
WHITTIER: Snow Bound.
SHAKESPEARE: Sonnet XXX.
MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY: Our Mother.
ELIZA COOK: The Old Arm-Chair.
WORDSWORTH: She Was a Phantom of Delight.
BURNS: The Cotter's Saturday Night.
RILEY: Old Aunt Mary's.
PROCTER: A Legend of Bregenz.
ALICE CARY: Pictures of Memory.
LAURA BLANCHARD: The Mother's Hope.
COWPER: My Mother's Picture.
WOODWORTH: The Old Oaken Bucket.
STEVENSON: The House Beautiful.
ARNOLD: A Memory Picture.
ELIZABETH ALLEN: Rock Me to Sleep.

OVERTHROW OF BELSHAZZAR

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, the greatest of the Babylonian monarchs, captured Jerusalem and carried the leading Jewish families into captivity. During his reign, Babylon was enlarged, fortified, and beautified until it became one of the most magnificent of the ancient cities. With great success, the kings and their courts were given over to luxury and licentiousness. Nabonidus,¹ the last king, was ruling jointly with his son Belshazzar.² It was during one of these scenes of wildest revelry, in which Belshazzar and his court participated, that a specter hand-writing appeared upon the wall, and that night Cyrus the Great, ruler of the Medes and Persians, captured the city and put an end to Babylonian power.

The incident is related by one of the Jewish captives.

"Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which *was* at Jerusalem; that the king, and his princes, his wives, and his concubines, might drink therein. Then they brought the golden vessels.... They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, and of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

"In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand,

¹ Pronounced nā-bōn'ī-dūs.

² Pronounced bēl-shāz'ār.

and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw. . . . Then his countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another."

The king's astrologers and soothsayers could not read the writing, though promised large rewards. Finally Daniel, the captive Jew, was called and declared that God's own hand had written the decree which, being interpreted, is: "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. . . . Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting. . . . Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians."

"In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain."—*Daniel V.*

OVERTHROW OF BELSHAZZAR

Belshazzar is king! Belshazzar is lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board;
Fruits glisten, flowers bloom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood:
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passion of earth;
And the crowds all shout,
Till the vast roofs ring,
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

"Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down from the temple of old;
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone:
Bring forth!"—and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;

Whilst the trumpets bray,
And the cymbals ring,
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"
What cometh?—look, look! Without menace or call?
Who writes, with the Lightning's bright hand, on the wall?
What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart?
What drives the cold blood from his cheek to his heart?
"Chaldeans! magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
Hark! the Persian is come,
On a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Sketch briefly the history of the Babylonian kingdom. Locate Babylon.
2. Explain "all bend at his board."
3. Why were they praising Belshazzar the king?
4. What did he order done as a final touch of iniquitous revelry?
5. What were the "vessels of gold"?
6. What was "the temple of old"?
7. In worship of whom was the wild revelry carried on? Who was Baal?
8. What strange sight appeared to the revelers?
9. Who interpreted the writing?
10. How was it interpreted?
11. What events immediately followed?
12. In what sense does this poem interpret the statement, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people"?

REFERENCES

- BYRON: Destruction of Sennacherib. Vision of Belshazzar. To Belshazzar. The Eve before Waterloo.
- DANIEL: Chapter V.
- MILTON: Paradise Lost. (Battle Scene with Satan.)
- LOWELL: We See Dimly in the Present.
- SILL: The Fool's Prayer.
- KNOX: Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

THE PATRIOT — AN OLD STORY

ROBERT BROWNING

A PATRIOT-LEADER, who perchance has saved his country from the ravages of a powerful foe, returns to his native city amidst profusion of flowers, flaming flags, the wild ringing of bells, and the mad plaudits and boundless love of his people. A year passes. He has done his best to serve the people, but the tide of public sentiment has turned against him, and to-day he goes cruelly bound, with forehead bleeding from the pelting stones, to the scaffold where a hostile populace exult fiend-like over his certain death. But "God shall repay," — and with triumphant faith he declares, "I am safer so."

The form of the poem is dramatic monologue. In the words of one speaker, the events, the actors, the scenery, even the stage itself, are suggested. The poem does not refer to any one in particular, but it is a universal interpretation of the variableness of the popular mind with "God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

THE PATRIOT — AN OLD STORY

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad;
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Naught man could do, have I left undone:
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?"—God might question; now instead,
"T is God shall repay: I am safer so."

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What do *roses* and *myrtle* signify?
2. Supply the words omitted in the phrase *like mad*.
3. What pictures are given in the first two stanzas?
4. Explain "The air broke into a mist with bells."
5. What statement shows most strongly the boundless love of the people?
6. What change is intimated by the first word in the third stanza? What does the entire stanza show?

7. Why is nobody on the house-tops now?
8. Who are the only persons not in the street or hastening to the scaffold's foot?
9. Why should even the "palsied few" desire to see him in disgrace?
10. How must they have gotten to the windows?
11. What increases the dismalness of the picture?
12. Why does the rope cut his wrists "more than needs"?
13. Why can he not be sure his forehead bleeds?
14. What were the "year's misdeeds" of the patriot?
15. What is his feeling in the first line of the last stanza?
16. What wish comes to him in the second line?
17. Explain fully the question.
18. In what spirit does he say, "God *might* question"?
19. What change as he declares, "'Tis God shall repay"?
20. What is his feeling in "I am safer so"?
21. At what point does his character reach its noblest development?
22. What, in general, is the character of the patriot?
23. What is the character of the people?
24. Why does Browning add "An Old Story" as the sub-title of this poem?

REFERENCES

- BROWNING: Hervé Riel. Andrea Del Sarto. Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came.
- SCOTT: Patriotism.
- WHITTIER: Prisoner for Debt. The Lost Occasion.
- LONGFELLOW: The Cumberland. Belisarius.
- STORY: Io Victis.
- ELIOT: The Choir Invisible.
- SARAH PRATT: The Gift of Empty Hands.
- JOHN PIERPONT: The Exile at Rest.
- SIR HENRY TAYLOR: The Hero.
- GEORGE WALLER THORNBURG: The Jacobite On Tower Hill.
- BERNARD BARTON: Caractacus.
- MORRIS: The Haystack in the Floods.
- Crescentius.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN

(A FABLE)

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

THE fable is a fictitious story, or tale, commonly used to convey some useful truth, in which animals or objects are made to become the speakers and actors. People do not like to be *told* things; they long to *discover* them. Hence the poet seldom conveys truth by direct methods. His mission is to place suggestive truths before us, letting those truths impress us as they may. A poem has charm when in the conversation of two persons we catch for ourselves a truth we love and desire to live by. But its charm is increased many-fold if we discover such a truth in the imaginary conversation of two objects. The author, seeing, doubtless, a pebble, and an acorn lying by the roadside, with deeper insight thought of them as almost human as she imagined the life-germ in the one developing, and the cold heart of the other lying still in boastful scorn. Far beyond pebble and acorn, she saw two types of human beings, and she used this simple fable to teach us each a profound lesson she knew we would take gladly, not from her, but from the voiceless lips of the pebble and the acorn.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN

"I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone:
"Nor time nor reasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.

The pelting hail and the driveling rain
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.

"There's none can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod!
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay, for a moment, abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt, for a time, at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.

But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length, she said, in a gentle tone:
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element, where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head in dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon, in the earth, she sank away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak:
And, as it rose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and wondering said:

"A modest Acorn; never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its simple cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide its worth!

"And O! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year;
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humble Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I have been."
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What kind of stone is a pebble?
2. Why did the author select a pebble and acorn instead of real persons to talk this way?
3. Just what is the pebble's boast? Why "swelling words"?
4. How many influences did the pebble say it had resisted? Was this not true?
5. What added weight would these words have, had they come from another?
6. How did the pebble greet the acorn?
7. What was the first effect of the salute upon the acorn?
8. What did the acorn finally resolve to do?
9. What then became of the acorn?
10. Explain
 "the pride of the forest was folded up
 In the narrow space of its simple cup."
11. How was it proven that worth cannot be hidden?
12. What effect did all this have on the pebble?
13. Why did she now call herself "a worthless thing," "useless and vain, a cumberer here"?

14. What high resolve did the pebble now make? Explain fully.
15. If the pebble were a person, what kind of person would it be
(a) in the home; (b) in school; (c) in business?
16. If the acorn were a person, what kind of person would it be
(a) in the home; (b) in school; (c) in business?

REFERENCES

LADY CAREW: True Greatness.

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY: The Discovery.

MACKAY: Song of Life.

WILLIAM COWPER: The Nightingale and the Glow-worm.

WALTER C. SMITH: The Self-Exiled.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE AND THE FLAG

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name,
To her years of prosperity past and in store,—
A hundred behind you, a thousand before!

The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us Equality's home;
But the schoolroom to-day is Humanity's friend,—
Let the people, the flag and the schoolroom defend!

'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag;

Let the nation stand by the school!

'Tis the schoolbell that rings for our Liberty old,

'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

— Frank Treat Southwick.

THE PRAYER SEEKER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THIS poem appears in the author's collection of religious poems and gives the last word of the Quaker poet on the subject of prayer. The poem was written in 1870, when Whittier was 63 years of age, and five years after he wrote "The Eternal Goodness." It is the product of his ripened religious experience, an interpretation of his profoundest religious philosophy. Whittier has given no clue as to the origin of the poem, but it is doubtless founded on the custom, in vogue in his day, which permitted church goers to pass to the sacred desk and place thereon requests for prayers during the sacred hour of prayer. Some asked prayers for favorable weather and bountiful harvest; some, for the healing of the sick; mothers asked prayers for wayward boys; gray-haired fathers sought the safe return of their soldier sons; and many requested prayers for the salvation of a friend or loved one. In this instance, an unknown woman veiled and in black glided softly to the sacred desk while the worshipers were quietly kneeling, and placed thereon a scroll with the simple request, "*Pray for me,*" then slipped back into the night, leaving no suggestion of the nature of the burden she bore. Whittier recognizes in the simple legend the clear expression of the sense of personal need, and sympathy with the world of need. He utters the universal request, "*Pray for us.*" The

poem clearly sets forth that prayer is an attitude of the soul in which it seeks not to know the specific miseries of others but to realize "that every heart hath needs like these."

THE PRAYER SEEKER*

Along the aisle where prayer was made,
A woman, all in black arrayed,
Close-veiled, between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk, and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone,
Pray for me!

Back from the place of worshipping
She glided like a guilty thing:
The rustle of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard;
While, full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped:
Pray for me!

Back to the night from whence she came,
To unimagined grief or shame!
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul,—
Pray for me!

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin!
Thou leav'st a common need within;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid.
Pray for us!

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Pass on! The type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the common heart!
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Dumbly imploring as we go:
Pray for us!

Ah! who shall pray, since he who pleads
Our want perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain,
And Heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair:
Pray for us!

In vain, remorse and fear and hate
Beat with bruised hands against a gate
Whose walls of iron only move
And open to the touch of love.
He only feels his burden fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all.
Pray for us!

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast;
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know.
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine.
Pray for us!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Give clearly the incident upon which the poem is based.
2. What was the simple request made?
3. Why should the preacher be "full of awe"?
4. What at least could the preacher infer concerning the unknown visitor?

5. Why does Whittier say "The type of all thou art"?
6. Explain "Sad witness to the common heart."
7. Why does the author change the personal pronoun to the plural form?
8. Explain fully the meaning of "self-despair."
9. What answer would you give to the question in stanza 6?
10. Under what conditions does the author declare that burdens may fall from the heart?
11. Explain the first two lines of the last stanza.
12. What is the ideal attitude of the soul at prayer?
13. What, then, is the larger truth of the poem?

REFERENCES

MASON: The Voyage.

WHITTIER: The Eternal Goodness. Thy Will Be Done. The Brother of Mercy. The Two Angels. Worship of Nature. Divine Compassion.

WORDSWORTH: The Force of Prayer. The Wishing-Gate.

COLERIDGE: The Ancient Mariner.

POPE: Universal Prayer.

RILEY: God Bless Us Every One. This Dear Child-Hearted Woman that is Dead.

H. H. JACKSON: Not As I Will.

CHADWICK: Prayer for Unity.

HIGGINSON: The Things I Miss.

ALEXANDER: All Things Bright and Beautiful.

EDNA DEAN CHENEY: The Larger Prayer.

MARGARET DELAND: Life.

BONAR: He Liveth Long Who Liveth Well.

R. W. GILBERT: I Rest in God.

SILL: The Fool's Prayer.

WOTTON: A Happy Life.

LONGFELLOW: Sandalphon.

MRS. HEMANS: The Hour of Prayer.

TENNYSON: "Pray for My Soul," in 'The Passing of Arthur.

A PSALM OF LIFE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A YOUNG man has heard some good-hearted but pessimistic brother declaim upon the wickedness and vanity of the "worldly" life, citing the Psalmist in proof, we may imagine as follows:

"Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity." — *Psalms* 39:5.

"Man is like to vanity, his days are as a shadow that passeth away." — *Psalms* 144:4.

The young man has also heard the sonorous warning tones of the good brother:

"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." — *Gen.* 4:10.

The young man's bosom is filled with hope, love, and enthusiasm as he faces life with its opportunities for heroic action and sublime achievement, and his heart utters a protest against these pessimistic literal half-truths. Longfellow has given in this poem what the heart of the youth declared in protest and has made us feel that the speaker went forth to follow up his faith with heroic service. This poem was first published in 1838 when Longfellow was thirty-two years of age and doubtless reveals his own warm, enthusiastic interpretation of life as life then appealed to him.

Longfellow himself said of it, "I kept it some time in manuscript, unwilling to show it to anyone, it being

a voice from my inmost heart, at a time when I was rallying from depression." Regarding the popularity of this poem and its author, Longfellow modestly tells the following story:

"In London I received an invitation to visit the Queen. On returning from the palace, the coach was stopped by a crowd of vehicles in the street. There stepped before the door of the carriage an English workman. 'Are you Mr. Longfellow?' he asked. 'I am,' I answered. 'Did you write the *Psalm of Life*?' 'I wrote that poem, my friend.' 'Pardon me, but would you be willing to take the hand of a working-man?' 'Certainly, my friend; it would give me pleasure.' He put his hand through the window and I shook hands with him. That was the best compliment I ever received in my life."

A PSALM OF LIFE*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

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Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What is a pessimist? an optimist?
2. What pessimistic ideas does the young man resent?
3. What optimistic ideas does he urge in their place?
4. Explain "The soul is dead that slumbers."
5. What great service can be rendered by right action in the "living Present"?
6. Memorize the poem. What stanza is most often quoted?
7. What is the truth taught by this poem?
8. Why do you think the poem is such a general favorite?

REFERENCES

- BRYANT: Thanatopsis. Life.
POPE: Essay on Man.
MILTON: Sonnet on His Blindness.
SHAKESPEARE: Seven Stages of Man.
WORDSWORTH: Intimations of Immortality.
GRAY: Elegy.
G. P. LATHROP: The Star to Its Light.
BRET HARTE: Fate.
TENNYSON: Fortune.
WOTTON: Character of a Happy Life.
CLOUGH: The Stream of Life. Say Not the Struggle Naught
 Availleth.
HOLMES: The Voiceless.
LONGFELLOW: The Old Clock on the Stairs.
J. HAGAN: Human Progress.
Psalm 1.
HERDER: Vanity of Life.
-

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

My mind to me a kingdom is;
 Such present joys therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay,—
 I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

— *Sir Edward Dyer.*

THE NEW SOUTH TO NEW ENGLAND

HENRY W. GRADY

THE same spirit of generosity that led the women of the South to decorate alike the graves of Union and Confederate soldiers, led the great leaders of the Southland to be big in defeat. The Civil War left wounds that were not readily healed. For a long time it was declared that reconciliation was impossible. But strong minds and brave hearts set themselves to the task. Providence created common interests and common dangers. Sterling common sense banished sectional discord, until to-day the nation we all love presents an undivided front to every foe within and without.

It is a great and interesting study to trace the causes that brought about this happy state of affairs. One of these causes is involved in the study given below. Henry W. Grady was a native of Athens, Georgia. He received his education in the Universities of Georgia and Virginia. Taking up a life of journalism, he soon became an acknowledged leader in his profession. He did not win renown as an orator until 1886, when he sprang into prominence by the delivery of a single speech at a banquet of the New England Society in New York City. This study is an extract from that address. So potent an influence in reuniting the two sections was this considered, that Grady was given the

nickname of "The National Pacificator." His speech has been widely quoted and admired. It is a masterpiece in which all true Americans will delight and its sentiment has met with a ready response in every patriotic heart.

THE NEW SOUTH TO NEW ENGLAND

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured, and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the states was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy; and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back.

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill — a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England — from Plymouth Rock all the way — would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled his name with his heroic blood. But, Sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was ad-

judged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil — the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers, who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died, hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat — sacred soil to all of us, — rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms — speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave; will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity the refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and

final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment,

" 'Those opposed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way.' "

NOTES

1. Mr. Grady's father was a Confederate officer. The name alluded to as especially dear to him was that of his father.
2. At the time of the delivery of this speech, Mr. Grady lived in Atlanta. From your history, verify what he says of the ground surrounding his home being sacred.
3. Find out all you can of what passed between Lee and Grant at the time of the surrender at the Appomattox Court House.
4. Define as used here: enamored, inscrutable, dauntless, heritage, ennobled, adjudged, omniscient, consecrated, hallowed, indissoluble, strained courtesy, captain, abject, contentions, controversies, intestine, well-beseeming.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Explain the term, "The New South."
2. What was her *new* work?
3. From what was she emancipated?
4. How could this emancipation come from defeat?
5. What difference did Grady imply between war and rebellion?
6. What was the heritage left by the soldier father in his soldier's death?
7. What two things does he declare the war did?
8. When is any place "hallowed"?
9. Can any emotion other than suffering make a thing sacred?

10. What is meant by Grant offering his hand straight from his heart?
11. Why was it tactful to call attention to what had been the ideals of Grant and Webster?
12. What answer must New England make to such a message?
13. What in this speech shows the breadth and sincerity of the speaker?
14. What in this speech do you like best? Why?

REFERENCES

RYAN: The Conquered Banner, the Cause of the South.

EMMETT: Dixie.

PAGE: In Ole Virginia.

WATTERSON: Abraham Lincoln.

PAYNE: Home, Sweet Home.

FINCH: The Blue and the Gray.

TENIROD: Ode to the Confederate Flag.

EMMA LAZARUS: The South.

TOWNSEND: A Georgia Volunteer.

TICKNOR: Little Giffen of Tennessee.

Bonnie Blue Flag.

Old Kentucky Home.

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright.

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great, and no cottage too small.

— *Phillips Brooks.*

THE RAINY DAY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

IT is a cold day in autumn, with the rain falling and the wind sighing dismally. Outside the poet's window is only a mouldering wall, ivy-covered, with dead leaves falling continuously. The picture is a symbol of misery and despair, made more hopeless by reference to the poet's life, which, like the day, is dark and dreary — his past crumbling like the ivy-grown wall, desolate with the hopes of youth falling unrealized. The reader's heart is touched with sadness in sympathy with the experience of the poet. But the poet's heart is touched with hope born of the consolation that his is a universal experience; and his vision of sunshine behind the clouds and drear shadows becomes one of triumphant beauty and cheer for the race. No preaching — just a vision all of us insist on sharing. Read the poem thoughtfully.

THE RAINY DAY

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What scene does the poet observe?
2. What in the scene tells of dreariness?
3. Why does it remind the poet of his own past life?
4. In what sense did he mean the first line of stanza 2?
5. Explain the third line of the stanza?
6. What is the meaning of the fourth line?
7. Does it seem that he could easily recover from such dark discouragement?
8. Yet how do you account for the first line in the last stanza?
9. What element in his nature comes uppermost?
10. What note of hope and comfort is sounded for the entire race?

REFERENCES

- BRYANT: The Gladness of Nature. March.
MRS. BROWNING: The Little Cares that Fretted Me.
COATES KENNEY: The Rain on the Roof.
JOHN DAVIDSON: Rain in the New Forest.
TENNYSON: Tears, Idle Tears.
RILEY: The Shower. A Song.
STEVENSON: Tropic Rain.
LONGFELLOW: Rain in Summer.
LOWELL: Summer Storm.
WILLIAM C. BENNETT: Invocation to Rain in Summer.
SHELLEY: The Cloud.

THE RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

THIS poem came at the close of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the great national demonstration which marked the sixtieth year of the prosperous reign of England's great Christian Queen. Of *The Recessional*, Kipling himself says: "That poem gave me more trouble than anything I ever wrote. I had promised the *London Times* a poem on the Jubilee, and when it became due, I had written nothing that had satisfied me. The *Times* began to want the poem badly, and sent letter after letter asking for it. I made many more attempts, but no further progress. Finally the *Times* began sending telegrams. So I shut myself in a room with a determination to stay there until I had written a Jubilee poem. Sitting down with all my previous attempts before me, I searched through those dozens of sketches till at last I found just one line I liked. That was 'Lest we forget.' Round these words *The Recessional* was written."

Picture the pomp and pageantry of the Great Jubilee. Native princes from the Far East, ambassadors from the royal houses of Europe, the vast military and naval displays, the magnificent civic celebration by procession, public services, and bonfires — all united to pour out a nation's adulation and praise to England's greatest Queen. A great empire, in its dream of pride and power, had seemed to lose sight of the great King of Kings, and

as the armies returned to their posts, the navies departed for far-away island possessions, the kings and oriental chiefs returned, and the bonfires of jubilee died away, *The Recessional* recalled the nation from its dream of pride and power, and the refrain of the poet became the prayer of the people. Within a few months after its publication this poem became one of the most widely known and admired poems in the language.

THE RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boastings as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
Amen.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What is a recession? Why, then, is the title so appropriate?
2. Select and explain the expressions which show the vastness of the British Empire.
3. What is the meaning of the refrain at the close of each stanza?
4. Why call a contrite heart an *ancient sacrifice*?
5. Explain the allusion to Nineveh and Tyre.
6. Who are the Gentiles? The "lesser breeds without the law"?
7. Who, then, are regarded as a chosen people?
8. Explain clearly, *reeking tube, iron shard, valiant dust, frantic boast*.
9. What is meant by dust building on dust?
10. Why should this poem be as popular in America as in England?
11. What message for the whole race made this poem at once one of the most widely known and admired poems in the language?

REFERENCES

- POPE: The Universal Prayer.
Psalms 29 and 68.
J. B. GILDER: The Parting of the Ways.
WHITTIER: Centennial Hymn. King Solomon and the Ants.
RUSKIN: Dawn of Peace.

THE RHODORA

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE Rhodora belongs to a family of plants consisting of shrubs or small trees, and bearing clusters of large, showy flowers. The Rhodora is a shrub about two feet in height, with large, purplish, rose-colored flowers. It grows preferably in cool, foliage-hidden bogs in New England. Emerson was a lover of nature and he knew every flower in nature's haunts around his home at Concord. He was one of Nature's tenderest worshipers and when asked, "Whence is this Rhodora?" he placed this poem-answer as a votive offering upon her shrine. He has given the only satisfactory answer to the question why the lovely Rhodora blooms unseen in desert solitudes.

THE RHODORA

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,

Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew;

But, in my simple ignorance, suppose

The self-same Power that brought me there brought
you.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Just where is the home of the Rhodora as variously indicated by the first five lines?
2. What in the poem indicates the beauty of the Rhodora?
3. Recite a stanza from Gray's *Elegy* about a "flower born to blush unseen." How does Emerson's idea in the second stanza compare with Gray's idea?
4. Explain the meaning of Emerson's answer to the question, "Why wert thou there"?
5. Why do you think this poem is regarded as the greatest short nature-study poem in the language?

REFERENCES

- TENNYSON: Flower in a Crannied Wall.
WORDSWORTH: The Rainbow. Daffodils. To the Daisy.
BURNS: To a Mountain Daisy.
MOORE: The Last Rose of Summer.
BRYANT: Death of the Flowers. To a Fringed Gentian. Forest Hymn.
EMERSON: Each and All.
EDITH THOMAS: Anemone.
COWPER: The Nightingale and the Glow-worm.
JULIA A. EASTMAN: The Blue Bell.
ELLA HIGGINSON: The Four-leaf Clover.
MACDONALD: Little White Lily.
DICKENS: The Ivy Green.
MARY HOWITT: Buttercups and Daisies.
KEATS: Sweet Peas.
-

OUT OF DOORS

In the urgent solitudes
Lies the spur to larger moods;
In the friendship of the trees
Dwell all sweet serenities.

— *Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

SELF-DEPENDENCE

MATTHEW ARNOLD

CHILDREN are by nature poets and artists. Happy is the childhood passed amid scenes that inspire by their majesty and beauty. It is often noted that peoples dwelling by the sea or on the vast prairies partake of the characteristics of their surroundings. The average child finds one of his healthiest delights in looking up into the heavens, as

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of Heaven Blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Their pure light, their seeming isolation, their almost infinite distance speak to his soul in a language divine in its origin.

The stars and ocean have been so frequently taken as symbols of serenity and constancy that they may be considered as types of these qualities in the human life.

Generally speaking, those things that tell of great deeds done or sorrows and joys that have been experienced, are the things most attractive to the ordinary mind. There are some great poems, however, that are striking enough to secure the attention of the most heedless. It is the duty of every student of reading to make some of these his own by study and recital. The appreciation of such literature is the most satisfying of the achievements in letters. The careful study of the following poem can scarcely fail to be of great value as a lesson

of life to be pondered well. Its author was the son of the famous master of Rugby known to all schoolboys through the medium of *Tom Brown at Rugby*.

SELF-DEPENDENCE

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long, moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

Oh air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What two questions does the speaker tire of asking? How important are they?
2. What kind of scene is pictured for us in that stanza?
3. What is told us of the poet's habits in the second stanza?
4. What mood caused the appeal mentioned in that stanza?
5. Why does he say, "once more"? (L. 9.)
6. Mention some ways in which a soul may become "vast."
7. Why does he say "*intense* vault of heaven"?
8. In what sense was the answer to the poet's prayer real?
9. What life lesson is contained in that answer?
10. What kind of human life is symbolized in the description given of the life of the stars and of the sea?
11. What is the fever of a soul?
12. When is one *self-poised*?
13. In what sense is it well to be "*bounded*" by ourselves?
14. What is the important thought in stanza 7?
15. What was the "air-born voice," mentioned in stanza 8?
16. Why was it *severely* clear?
17. Explain the closing thought of the poem.

REFERENCES

- HOLMES: The Chambered Nautilus.
S. A. PYE: Courage.
WORDSWORTH: Ode to Duty.
P. CARY: Our Heroes.
BRYANT: The Journey of Life.
EMERSON: Self-Reliance.
BYRON: Apostrophe to the Ocean.
GEORGE MACDONALD: The Wind and the Moon.
RAND: The World.
GILDER: The Celestial Passion.
SARAH PIATT: The Gift of Empty Hands.
LONGFELLOW: Excelsior.
MATTHEW ARNOLD: The Voice.

THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE

G. W. PATTEN

THE last century was styled "a century of dishonor" because of the white man's treatment of the Indian. The writer derived his knowledge of Indian character from personal contact and experience as a soldier in the Seminole¹ War. The sentiments of this poem might easily be imagined to be those of the indomitable Seminole chief, Osceola², who was captured by treachery while conferring under a flag of truce, and whose proud, defiant spirit remained unconquered through cruel imprisonment even unto death. In this imagined "defiance" of the Seminole chief we may find the spirit and character of the conquered race as understood, interpreted, and respected by a soldier of the whites.

THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE

Blaze, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low;
And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain;
Go, count your chosen where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain!

¹ Pronounced sēm'ī'nōl.

² Pronounced ōs'ē-ō'lā.



From painting owned by C. A. Green

CHIEF JOSEPH

I scorn your proffered treaty!
The pale-face I defy!
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And "blood" my battle-cry!

Some strike for hope of booty;
Some to defend their all;
I battle for the joy I have
To see the white man fall;
I love, among the wounded,
To hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest!
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream!
And, struggling through the Everglade,
Your bristling bayonets gleam;
But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye, come not here!

Think ye to find my homestead?—
I gave it to the fire.
My tawny household do you seek?—
I am a childless sire.
But, should you crave life's nourishment,
Enough I have and good;
I live on hate,—'tis all my bread;
Yet light is not my food.

I loathe ye in my bosom!
I scorn ye with mine eye!
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter
Till I sink beneath its wave!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Read the history of the Seminole War. What personal cause had Osceola for defiance, as hinted in the first stanza?
2. What is the meaning of "mailed it with the thunder"?
3. What clear hints of Indian methods of warfare are given?
4. What striking characteristics of Indian nature are given in the third stanza?
5. What is the feeling of the Indian toward the whites?
6. What causes had he to feel thus?
7. Select the expressions which indicate the unconquerable spirit of the Indian race.
8. What in this type of being unfits him to build up a highly developed civilization?
9. How many of these traits of character were strengthened by the white man's treatment of the Indian?
10. For what is this poem chiefly valuable?

REFERENCES

- SPRAGUE: Fate of the Indians.
BRYANT: The African Chief.
SCOTT: Marmion and Douglas. (From Marmion.)
WHITTIER: Toussaint L'Ouverture.
HUNTER: The Indian's Death Song.
ERNEST MCGAFFEY: Geronimo.
LAVINIA STODDARD: The Soul's Defiance.
SARAH WILLIAMS: Omar and the Persian.
FRENEAU: The Indian's Burial Ground.

READING

Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles, for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye: A cottage flower gives honey to the bee—a king's garden none to the butterfly.—*Lord Lytton.*

THE SKYLARK

JAMES HOGG

NO bird has been the recipient of so many songs of beauty and tenderness as the English skylark. The habits and song of this bird are such as naturally attract the attention of poets. As it rises from the ground its song is somewhat broken, but as it mounts almost perpendicularly into the air, the notes become more and more melodious and increase in volume and in sweetness long after the bird is lost to view. James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," fell under the spell of this ecstatic music and wrote the following exquisite apostrophe to the sweet singer.

THE SKYLARK

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place:
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!



"THE SONG OF THE LARK"—*Brèton*

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place;
O to abide in the desert with thee!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Why does he call the skylark the "bird of the wilderness"?
2. Define *cumberless*.
3. Define *matin*.
4. Why is its dwelling-place blest?
5. Why does the poet wish to abide there too?
6. What is a wild lay?
7. What does "in the downy cloud" tell us as to the position of the bird?
8. Explain line 9.
9. What does "dewy wing" mean?
10. Does "thy lay is in heaven" mean simply "you are high in air"?
11. Explain "thy love is on earth"?
12. What red streamer is meant in line 15?
13. Why will the welcome in the gloaming be sweet?
14. What is the mood of the poem as a whole?
15. What is its effect on us?

REFERENCES

- SHELLEY: Ode to a Skylark.
BRYANT: To a Waterfowl.
THAXTER: The Sandpiper.
GEORGE MEREDITH: The Lark Ascending.
DANA: The Little Beach Bird.
BOURDILLON: A Violinist.
ERIC MACKAY: The Waking of the Lark.
RANDALL: Why the Robin's Breast Was Red.
WILLIAM WATSON: The First Skylark of Spring.
SYMONDS: The Nightingale.
WORDSWORTH: To the Cuckoo.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE home yearnings of a soldier boy who lives in hourly expectation of facing death in any form awaken the liveliest interest and sympathy on the part of each of us. Hence the literature of war has always been popular.

Life in camp frequently appears a prolonged anguish. There are letters that never come. Homesickness becomes a real and dreaded disease. Hopes that are fulfilled only in dreams throb in the breast. Bitter tears of anxiety for the safety of those at home are shed. All this creates a pathos which hallows the devotion to duty that holds the husband and father in the ranks when all the delights of home and companionship beckon him thence.

The war lyrics of Campbell depict these things with rare power. The following stanzas are widely admired and quoted. They rise to a high place in the literature of the battlefield.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk to the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array
Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track;
'T was autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part,
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us!—rest! thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Explain "truce." (L. 1.)
2. Why "sentinel stars"?
3. Define "fagot."
4. Why did he dream this dream so often?
5. Mention some things that formed this "dreadful array."
(L. 9.)
6. Explain "Life's morning march."
7. What kind of country was his home?
8. What kind of husband and father was he?
9. Whose words form the quotation? (L. 21.)
10. How do the last two lines cause us to feel?

REFERENCES

CAMPBELL: Hohenlinden.

O'HARA: Bivouac of the Dead.

BYRON: Night Before Waterloo.

SAXE: Battle of King's Mountain.

BRYANT: Song of Marion's Men.

READ: The Brave at Home.

R. B. WILSON: Such is the Death the Soldier Dies.

RILEY: The Silent Victors.

LOVELACE: To Lucasta.

THE INFLUENCE OF BOOKS

The influence of books upon man is remarkable; they make the man. You may judge a man more truly by the books and papers that he reads than by the company which he keeps, for his associates are often, in a manner, imposed upon him; but his reading is the result of choice, and a man who chooses a certain class of books and papers unconsciously becomes more colored in their views, more rooted in their opinions, and the *mind becomes fettered to their views*.

All the life and feeling of a young girl is fascinated by some glowing love romance, is colored and shaped by the page she reads. If it be false, and weak, and foolish, she will be false, and weak, and foolish too; but if it be true, and tender, and inspiring, then something of its truth, and tenderness, and inspiration will grow into her soul and become a part of her very self. The boy who reads deeds of manliness, of bravery, and noble daring, feels the spirit of emulation grow within him, and the seed is planted which will bring forth fruit of heroic endeavor and exalted life.

THE DEATH OF GARFIELD

JAMES G. BLAINE

EULOGIES of a nation's great are valuable contributions to its literature. They emphasize the graces and accomplishments that are most desired and admired by the citizenship of the country. The student of Cicero's¹ orations gets a viewpoint of Roman ideals from the original source of those ideals. When a eulogy is couched, as in this selection, in language so beautiful and so apt as to make it universally popular, its influence is especially powerful.

No man was better fitted by nature than James G. Blaine to deliver a funeral oration that would live forever. His training, too, was of such a character as to make his words and opinions effective. For several years he was editor of the *Kennebec Journal* and later he occupied a like position on the *Portland Advertiser*. Three times in his fourteen years of service as a member of the national House of Representatives, he was elected Speaker. He was elected United States Senator, and served two terms as Secretary of State, a position which he occupied when James A. Garfield, President of the United States, was assassinated by Charles J. Guiteau² July 2, 1881. His close official and personal relations to the dead President caused him to be selected to deliver the funeral oration, of which

¹ Pronounced sĭs'ēr-ō.

² Pronounced gē-tō'.

this reading is the peroration. It is more than an oration. It is the gentle, tender, touching tribute of a friend combined with the profound, respectful admiration of a patriotic fellow citizen.

THE DEATH OF GARFIELD

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully before him; the next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interests, from its hopes, its inspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which stunned and dazed he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear, bright, and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell! What brilliant broken plans! What baffled high ambitions! What sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships! What bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him, a proud expectant nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding

a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him, desolation and darkness, and his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant profound and universal sympathy. Though masterful in his mortal weakness, enshrined in the prayers of a world, all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With supple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from his oppressive stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices.

With wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

NOTES

1. Read a good account of the assassination of President Garfield and if possible of his heroic struggle against death.
2. What is a *peroration*?
3. *Early longing for the sea.* From any good account of Garfield's life, learn of that early longing and of how it affected his life.

4. Define as used in this lesson: premonition, foreboding, wantonness, quail, languor, enshrined, demoniac, supple, manifold, rapt, torture, anguished eyes, unfaltering front, eternal morning.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What contrast in the first paragraph makes this selection so powerful?
2. Trace the steps by which the author shows that the President was great in death.
3. Which of the things Garfield did would in your opinion be hardest to do?
4. Explain, "He trod the wine press alone," and tell where Blaine got the expression.
5. What agonizing thoughts came to the dying President?
6. Find out about Mr. Garfield's "early longing for the sea," and tell how it affected his life.
7. What does the orator mean by, "the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer," etc.?
8. What was, "the stately mansion of power"?
9. Why was it homeless and hopeless?
10. Why did the suffering President look "wistfully" upon the ocean?
11. Why does Mr. Blaine first mention the sails, then the waves, then the clouds on the horizon, and finally the pathway of the stars?
12. What do you understand by "the silence of the *receding* world"?
13. By "the breath of the eternal morning"?

REFERENCES

WHITMAN: O Captain! My Captain!

POE: Annabel Lee.

O'HARA: Bivouac of the Dead.

DICKENS: Death of Little Nell, in Old Curiosity Shop. Death of Paul Dombey, in Dombey and Son.

THACKERAY: Death of Colonel Newcome, in the Newcomes.

WORDSWORTH: Character of the Happy Warrior.

TENNYSON: Enoch Arden.

BEECHER: The Death of Lincoln.

CLEVELAND: Lessons From the Life of McKinley.

REED: In Memory of Stephen Girard.

WATTERSON: A Southern Tribute to Grant.

HIGGINSON: Eulogy on Grant.

PHILLIPS: Toussaint L'Ouverture.

WEBSTER: Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.

LINCOLN: Gettysburg Address.

ANDREWS: The Perfect Tribute.

EDUCATION

Education is, indeed, of all differences not divinely appointed an instant effacer and reconciler. Whatever is undivinely poor it will make rich; whatever is undivinely maimed, and halt, and blind it will make whole, and equal, and seeing. The blind and the lame are to it as to David at the siege of the Tower of Kings, "hated of David's soul."

But there are other divinely appointed differences, eternal as the ranks of the everlasting hills and as the strength of their ceaseless waters. And these education does not do away with, but measures, manifests, and employs.

In the handful of shingle which you gather from the seabeach, which the indiscriminate sea, with equality of fraternal foam, has only educated to be, every one, round, you will see little difference between the noble and mean stones, but the jeweler's trenchant education of them will tell you another story. Even the meanest will be better for it, but the noblest so much better that you can class the two together no more.— *John Ruskin.*

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE¹

SIDNEY LANIER²

MANY things have conspired to obscure the natural beauties of the Southland. For a long time little was written of the inspiring scenery of this section of our country, which is so richly endowed by nature. It was fortunate indeed for the South that a poet was given it who should come to be deemed a worthy successor to Edgar Allan Poe. Lanier's intense love for beauty in any of its forms made him capable of selecting those things that minister to higher thoughts and loftier ambitions. He embodied these into poems of striking purity of phrase and diction. The rivers of the South usually flow from a V-shaped gap and in their upper course are swift and turbulent, while in their lower course they spread over a valley and become deep, placid, and well adapted to navigation.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE*

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

* From "Poems of Sidney Lanier"; copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

¹ Pronounced chăt'á-hōō'chê.

² Pronounced lă-nēr'.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
The wilful water-weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
O'erleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall
The white quartz shone and the smooth brook stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone—
Crystal clear or acloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices to Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,

The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What course of the stream does the first stanza describe?
2. What would "folly" be for this stream?
3. Explain "with a lover's pain".
4. What kinds of obstructions are mentioned in stanza 2?
5. In stanza 3?
6. In stanza 4?
7. What is a "streaming stone"?
8. As the stream grew, what does the poet indicate as to its movement?
9. How many things called the stream?
10. Find something similar to each of these that might call us from duty.
11. What lesson did the poet see for each of us in the stream and its action?

REFERENCES

- COLERIDGE: Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.
BYRON: Apostrophe to the Ocean.
SHELLEY: Ode to the West Wind. The Cloud.
BURNS: Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.
BRYANT: The Rivulet.
LANIER: The Marshes of Glynn.
SIMS: The Shaded Water.
JAMES H. MORSE: Brook Song.
LONGFELLOW: To the River Charles.
TENNYSON: The Brook.
SOUTHEY: The Cataract of Lodore.
MOORE: The Vale of Avoca.
RILEY: The Muskingum Valley.
STEVENSON: Looking-Glass River.
HAYNE: The River.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

MARY HOWITT

SOME readers have felt that such a poem offers a splendid opportunity to study spiders and flies. One direction printed and widely scattered among teachers is:

“Let pupils write a description of each one, then compare them, telling in what they resemble and in what they differ. Give special attention to the legs, wings, eyes, and habits.”

Instinctively we turn from such a suggestion. The story of the cunning spider and the silly fly has far less to do with *insects* than with *people*. The poet has watched the skill with which the spider weaves his treacherous web, and the cunning with which he entices his prey. Then, in imagination, the scene becomes a symbol of human life in which these insect actors are gifted with human skill and human weakness. We follow the cunning invitation and the “wily flattering words” of the spider, and the hesitancy and final yielding of the silly little fly, not as games insects might play, but as powerful forces at work in the great world of men and women. If these are mere insects, no keen interest would attach to the story. They are human in speech, human in skill and cunning, human in susceptibility to flattery, human in all save form and movement. The poet has let these innocent insects speak to us a message we would refuse to hear from human lips.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly;

"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you are there."

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly; "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly: "Dear friend, what can I do

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly; "kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings! how brilliant are your eyes!"

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold your-
self."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're
pleased to say,
And, bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his
den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back
again:

So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the Fly;
Then came out to his door again, and merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and sil-
ver wing;
Your robes are green and purple; there's a crest upon your
head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull
as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer
drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes and green and purple
hue,
Thinking only of her crested head. Poor, foolish thing!
at last

Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast;
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—but she ne'er came out again!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What in the spider's first invitation shows he knew the fly was suspicious of him?
2. What reason does the fly give for refusing the invitation?
3. If a long pause is made between "Oh, no" and "no," what is indicated as to the fly's firmness of decision?

4. Why did not the spider answer the fly's objection?
5. Why does the fly still remain and listen to the spider's words?
6. If you read the fly's second refusal, "Oh, no,—no," what further is indicated concerning the fly's decision?
7. Why does the spider continue so confidently?
8. What next appeal is made by the spider? With what result?
9. What additional appeal in stanza 4?
10. How does the fly's reply differ from previous ones? What then does it indicate?
11. What next attempt did the spider make?
12. Why did the spider now so confidently "set his table ready to dine upon the fly"?
13. What final means of enticement did the spider employ?
14. What in his previous attempts to entice the fly convinced him that he should try this?
15. If the spider were a person, what kind of person would he be?
16. If the fly were a person, what kind of person would she be?
17. What then is the lesson from this tale of The Spider and the Fly?

REFERENCES

- GEORGE HOWLAND: Angling.
JANE TAYLOR: The Fox and the Crow.
COWPER: The Nightingale and the Glow-worm.
BARTON: Bruce and the Spider.
ELIZA COOK: King Bruce and the Spider.

I can, with unshaken confidence, appeal to the Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal aggrandizement; but that in all my public acts I have had a sole and single eye, and a warm, devoted heart, directed and dedicated to what, in my best judgment, I believe to be the true interest of my country.— *Henry Clay*.

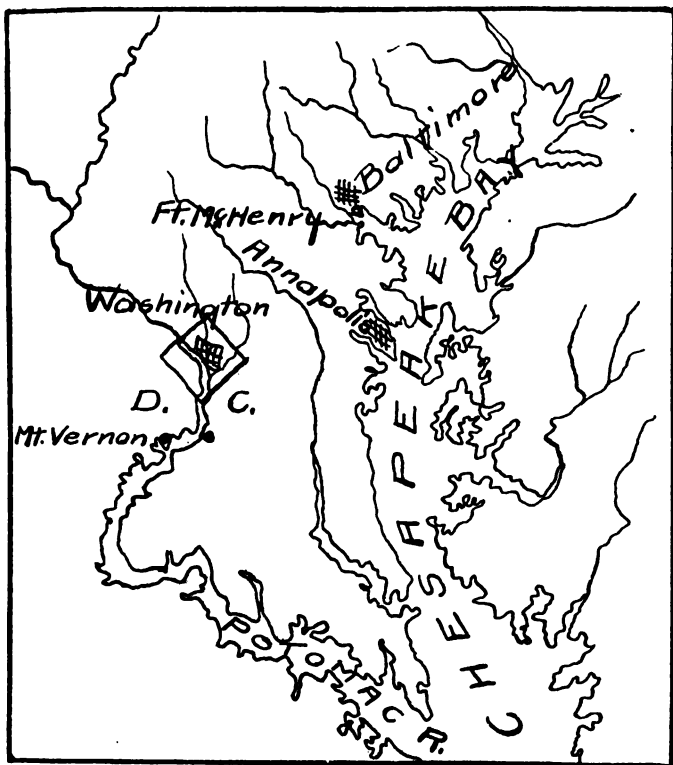
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

ON the night of September 12, 1814, during the War of 1812, the British fleet furiously bombarded Fort McHenry, in co-operation with strong land forces. The fort held out valiantly. If it fell, the chief city of Maryland and many other Union defenses must fall with it. Among those who breathlessly watched the attack was the young Baltimore lawyer and patriot who, though under a flag of truce, was detained as a temporary prisoner on board a British vessel in the harbor apart from the battle-fleet but just in sight of the flag of Fort McHenry. With every shell that whistled over into the fort, the young patriot expected a terrific explosion and the destruction of his countrymen's defense. Suddenly the firing ceased. Did it mean the surrender of the fort or the abandonment of the siege? He could not tell, for he had no means of communication with the battle-fleet. For the remainder of the night, he paced the deck in terrible anxiety, longing for the return of day and the sight of the dear old flag. Light came at last! Our flag was still there! The British attack had failed and the British were departing.

The words of the first stanza of *The Star-Spangled Banner* were composed by Francis Key as he walked the deck in darkness and suspense, tortured with the thought of the fort's surrender and taunted and jeered

by those who held him prisoner. When morning dawned, and the flag of Fort McHenry met his anxious sight, his patriotic fervor burst forth in the following poem written before leaving the vessel. In less than an hour after it went into a printer's hands it was all over town, hailed with joy by the multitudes who felt its deeper meaning.



MAP OF WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE AND VICINITY

Ferdinand Durag, an actor, seeing the poem, caught up his flute, tried tune after tune, until he chanced upon one called "Anacreon¹ in Heaven," and as the notes of the flute fell in harmony with the words and message of the poem, he declared triumphantly, "Boys, I've hit it!" Then, as the words were taken up, there rang out for the first time the song of *The Star-Spangled Banner* amid shouting and clapping of hands. The actor next sang it in public. It spread like wildfire. It was whistled in the streets, caught up in camps, sung around bivouac fires, and finally, with returning peace, chanted around thousands of patriotic firesides.

Greater interest than ever before now attaches to this song since it has been officially recognized as our national song in the *General Orders No. 201* issued by the War Department December 15, 1906, which are in part as follows:

"Whenever *The Star-Spangled Banner* is played by the band on a formal occasion at a military station, or at any place where persons belonging to the military service are present in their official capacity, all officers and enlisted men present stand at attention, and if not in ranks, render the prescribed salute, the position of the salute being retained until the last note of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The same respect is observed toward the national air of any other country when it is played as a compliment to official representatives of such country."

¹ Pronounced á-năk'rě-ôn.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam-
ing?—

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly stream-
ing:

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.

'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,

'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,

A home and a country they'd leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollu-
tion.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;

Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,—In God is our trust.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Give the story of the circumstances under which this poem was written.
2. Why did the sight of the flag mean so much to the author?
3. Explain "the foe's haughty host," "on that shore dimly seen."
4. What proved that these freemen were not hirelings or slaves?
5. What prophecy and pledge are contained in the last stanza?
6. What then is necessary to preserve the lofty influence of our Star-Spangled Banner?
7. Of what is this banner a perpetual symbol?
8. Have the school sing this song, entering fully into its loftier spirit.

REFERENCES

DRAKE: The American Flag.
DWIGHT: Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
WHITTIER: Barbara Frietchie.
BENNETT: The Flag Goes By.
BRADLEY: The Tribute.
HOPKINSON: Hail, Columbia!
B. F. TAYLOR: God Bless Our Stars Forever.
RYAN: The Conquered Banner.
RILEY: Old Glory.

THE BLUEBELL'S CALL

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

— *Gene Stratton Porter.*

SWEET AND LOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

THIS sweet little "Song of the Mother" breathes forth "all the wealth of mother-love in numbers so sweet and low" that one is "carried back to his infancy, to eventide and to lullabies from lips that have long since ceased to sing," and to days when a faithful, patient mother awaited a father's return to home and love. Great artists have glorified motherhood and childhood in their "Madonnas," but this beautiful little song equally exalts fatherhood. The cradle motion of the song but lends a further touch of exquisite beauty and charm.

When the song is set to appropriate music, it seems that music, motion, and message blend into the sweet, restful quiet of an evening prayer.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What tells the time of day?
2. How is the cradle-motion brought out in the poem?
3. What vivid picture does this poem recall to each of us?
4. What effect do the first words of the song produce upon us?
5. What is the central figure in this little family group?
6. What passages prompt us to idealize motherhood? What works of art suggest the same idea?
7. What passages equally exalt fatherhood?
8. What gives this little gem its charm?

REFERENCES

FIELD: Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. Old English Lullaby. Norse Lullaby. Japanese Lullaby.
SCOTT: Lullaby of an Indian Chief.
KIPLING: Lines to the Seal.
RANKIN: The Babie.
GEORGE MACDONALD: Baby.
HOLLAND: Lullaby.
RILEY: Slumber Song.

RESOLUTIONS

However strong a man's resolution may be, it costs him something to carry it out, now and then. We may determine not to gather any cherries, and keep our hands sturdily in our pockets, but we can't prevent our mouths from watering.— *George Eliot*.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS

ANSON G. CHESTER

AMONG products of the hands, no work is more attractive or more highly prized than finely designed oriental tapestries. Moreover, weaving is one of the most primitive and most fundamental of the handicrafts, and in some form or other is familiar to every one. The poets of all ages have, therefore, readily seized upon weaving as a symbol of life; for example:

“God’s ways are dark, but soon or late
We weave with colors all our own.”

In the following poem the author has based his symbol-interpretation of life on “the ways of the tapestry weavers.” The finest quality of tapestry was woven on high-warp vertical looms. The long warp-threads were hung on movable cylinder rollers supported by uprights of wood or iron. The weaver worked at the back of the loom where he first sketched the design on the warp-threads, then with painstaking care wrought out the woven design. The complete pattern in colors, or cartoon, as it was called, was placed above or immediately behind the workman so that he might refer to it in order to weave the design with perfectly matched and harmoniously blended colors. If he wished to see his real work, he had to step to the front of the loom, or wait until the web was “loosed and turned.” The poet has seen in the patient, plodding weaver the symbol of

every life, and has drawn us into sympathy with the exquisite moral lesson to be gleaned.

The Catholic Church had this poem printed in a tract which was scattered far and wide as a powerful instrument to influence humanity toward the fulfilment of its highest visions.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver
be—

From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side
of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs; they study it with
care.

The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fast-
ened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plod-
ding weaver:

He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the
right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed
and turned,

That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvellous skill
is learned.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for
all the cost!

No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by
the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him
praise as well;

And how happy the heart of the weaver is no tongue but
his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the
place of the sun,

Wherein we are weaving alway, till the mystic web is
done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate.

We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver need have fear.

Only let him look clear into heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of our Saviour forever and always in sight,

His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,

He shall hear the voice of the Master. It shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of heaven, to bear him thence, shall come down;

And God for his wage shall give him, not coin, but a golden crown.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Describe in general the process of tapestry weaving.
2. What was the "pattern"? Why did it have to be studied with care?
3. Explain "He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever."
4. How is the weaver paid for his task? What is his best pay?
5. Just what is included in "all the cost"?
6. Explain "looms of God," "mystic web."
7. What is the "right side"?
8. Why can we not see it?
9. Why is Perfect Pattern capitalized?
10. Explain the meaning of "web is turned and shown."
11. Under what conditions, according to this poem, can the life-work of the individual be a true success?

REFERENCES

MILLIE COLCORD: *Life's Weaving.*

LONGFELLOW: *Keramos.*

POE: *Israfel.*

THOMAS WADE: *The Net Braiders.*

S. W. DUFFIELD: *Warp and Woof.*

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL: *A Spinning Song.*

ALICE C. McDONNELL: *The Weaving of the Tartan.*

BETH DAY: *The Blind Weaver.*

OUR NATIONAL BANNER

All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be entrusted! May it ever wave first in honor, in unsullied glory and patriotic hope, on the dome of the Capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the intended plain, on the wave-rocked topmast. Wheresoever on the earth's surface the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wave in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across a mighty continent, and floating in triumph on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace, forever follow where it leads the way! —
Edward Everett.

THE THREE FISHERS

CHARLES KINGSLEY

IN his walks and talks among the fisher folk of his native England, the poet, Kingsley, was struck by the sadness in the faces of the women and children of the fishing hamlets. He noticed, too, a stern reticence and a desperate courage that seemed to characterize the faces of the men, whose necessities of life and intensity of love for family forced them to brave the eternal peril of the sea every day. Despite their heroism, they held these forces of nature in almost reverential awe, though there was such a spirit of fraternal helpfulness and sympathy in their simple hearts that they overcame their awe in times of danger to friends and companions. Having sought and, as he thinks, found the cause of these things, he gives us in this poem a résumé of his work. The simple tale is a typical life history of the fisherman and his family.

THE THREE FISHERS

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall and they looked at the shower;
And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. When do laboring people find cause for such thoughts as those mentioned in line 3?
2. Would curiosity alone cause the children to come to watch workmen out of the town?
3. Whose thought is line 5?
4. When does a harbor bar moan?
5. What would the work described in line 9 cause these women to think of?
6. Was what they did in line 10 remarkable?
7. Is that line useful other than to fill space?
8. What is "the night-rack"?
9. Why does the poet mention so common an occurrence as the approach of a storm?
10. Notice the line that is repeated is the fifth line of each stanza. Now read it and the sixth line of each stanza consecutively, closing the reading with the last line of the poem. What does this do for us?
11. What seems to be the fisher folks' attitude toward their life work?
12. What would be the effect on one's character of having daily to contend against irresistible and cruel powers?
13. Does any one other than a fisherman have to do this?
14. Is there a life lesson in this for you and me?

REFERENCES

SIMS: Lights of London Town.

LOWELL: Yussouf.

TENNYSON: Charge of the Light Brigade. Break, Break, Break.

HEMANS: Casabianca.

Wives of Brixham.

PERCY F. SINNETT: The Song of the Wild Sea Waves.

THOMAS WADE: The Net Braiders.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM: The Sailor.

RICHARD GARNETT: The Ballad of the Boat.

ROSSETTI: The Sea Limits.

EMILY HENRIETTA HICKEY: A Sea Story.

HENRY HEINE: The Fisher's Cottage.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH: The Face against the Pane.

FALSE AMBITION

I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aims't at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

— *William Shakespeare.*

TO A WATERFOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was returning to his home near the close of a day spent in deep thought. As he stood on an eminence overlooking a valley, he marked the flight of a single wild fowl, as it winged its way, solitary and lone. As he watched its certain flight, swerving neither to the right nor left, without hesitation or pause, until distance had made it invisible, the close analogy between the flight of the fowl and the life of man was born in upon him until the thought was given forth in the following poem. It at once took a firm hold upon the popular mind and fixed Bryant's place high among American men of letters.

TO A WATERFOWL*

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

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Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Who is speaking in stanza 1? From what position?
2. How does the poet tell you the time of day? How could the heavens "glow with the last steps of day"?
3. Explain "rosy depths," "falling dew," "solitary way."
4. Explain "painted on the crimson sky."
5. Where does he cause us to think of the many possible destinies of the fowl?
6. Explain "plashy brink," "marge," "rocking billows," "chafed ocean side."

7. What is "that pathless coast" mentioned in line 14?
8. Why is the bird "not lost"?
9. What does the poet think accounts for its not stooping to land?
10. What feeling is created by stanza 6?
11. Would "the abyss of *heaven*" have "swallowed up" its form had its course been less certain?
12. What lesson did the poet learn from this incident?

REFERENCES

BURNS: To a Mountain Daisy.
EMERSON: Rhodora.
SILL: Spring Twilight.
DANA: The Little Beach Bird.
THAXTER: The Sandpiper.
SYMONDS: The Nightingale.
HOGG: A Skylark.
SHELLEY: Ode to the Skylark.
STEVENSON: A Visit from the Sea.

ALL THINGS WAIT UPON THEE

Innocent eyes not ours
Are made to look on flowers,
Eyes of small birds and insects small;
Morn after summer morn
The sweet rose on her thorn
Opens her bosom to them all.
The last and least of things
That soar on quivering wings,
Or crawl among the grass blades out of sight,
Have just as clear a right
To their appointed portion of delight
As queens or kings.

A LAWYER'S WILL

WHEN a man dies, many are interested in knowing just how he disposed of his property. His friends and relatives are anxious to know the contents of his will. Who are to become the owners of his money, lands, houses, or other property, is a matter of great concern. Realizing this fact, many wealthy men protect their heirs by making wills in which they bequeath their belongings to those who, as they think, should possess them.

It is natural that a lawyer should be particularly careful in drawing up his will. Here is a lawyer, however, who caught a larger vision of life's true possessions. In his will he passes lightly the disposition of his interests "known in law and recognized in sheep-bound volumes as my property," and gives his entire attention to those things which he feels the race has a right to inherit. In this unique last will and testament, the maker has shown true wealth of soul, and a close sympathy with every phase of life.

A LAWYER'S WILL

I, CHARLES LOUNSBERRY, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interest, which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property,

being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

Item: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon, and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

Item: I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snowclad hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold these same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any encumbrance of care.

Item: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet

strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively, I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

Item: And to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poems, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without title or diminution.

Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

NOTES

1. Find from any lawyer the usual form of a will.
2. Find reasons why many wills are contested.
3. Find what becomes of real and personal property when one who owns such property dies without a will.
4. Be prepared to give meanings of the following words and expressions as here used: sound and disposing mind, testament, sheep-bound volumes, inconsiderable, in trust, quaint, endearments, inclusively, devise, Milky Way, appurtenances, without let or hindrance, encumbrance, undaunted confidence, lusty voices without title or diminution, snowy crowns.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What is the purpose of a last will and testament?
2. Why should a lawyer be particular about the disposition of his property?
3. What disposition does Charles Lounsberry make of his "property"?

4. How do you explain his indifference in this regard?
5. Of what other possession does he make no disposal? Why?
6. What does he give to fathers and mothers to be held in trust for their children?
7. What charge does he give the parents along with this bequest?
8. What does he leave to children *inclusively*?
9. Why is this bequest "only for the term of their childhood"?
10. Just what does he leave to boys jointly? Which of these things do boys value most highly?
11. Explain, "all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood."
12. What does he bequeath to lovers?
13. Why does he say, "aught else they may desire" etc.?
14. What does he give to young men, jointly?
15. What to him obscures the temporary rudeness in boys?
16. What does he leave, "to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers"?
17. Explain, "if there be others."
18. What is shown of the maker of the will in what he leaves, "to our loved ones with snowy crowns"?
19. Give a brief summary of what is disposed of in the will.
20. What shows the author's keen sympathy for children? His understanding of boys? His insight into lovers? His love and respect for grown-ups?
21. How much of this inheritance is every person entitled to share?
22. Why did the maker of the will want all people to enjoy these larger possessions?

REFERENCES

HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.

LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal.

STEVENSON: The Lamplighter.

WHITTIER: Riches of the Commonwealth. The Brother of Mercy.

FOSS, S. W.: The House by the Side of the Road.

NAYLOR: Dr. John Goodfellow—Office Up-Stairs.

DICKINSON: The Children.

VAN DYKE: Fisherman's Luck — Lovers and Landscapes.

LONGFELLOW: The Legend Beautiful. The Children's Hour.

POPE: The Universal Prayer.

TUBAL CAIN

CHARLES MACKAY

TUBAL¹CAIN may well be regarded as the father of manual training. He was the son of Lamech² and Zillah³ and as the Bible tells us (Gen. 4:22), "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." Josephus⁴ in *The Antiquities of the Jews*, says: "But Tubal exceeded all men in strength, and was very expert and famous in martial performances, . . . and first of all invented the art of working brass."

The author has seized upon the suggestion contained in the above facts and constructed a poem which contains in brief the history of civilization. The hero is the personification of the race as it evolved from barbarism to civilization. "The sword and the spear" are relics of organized conquest when might made right. The "sudden change" that came over the heart of the old hero is but typical of a higher vision of the arts of peace that should be the fruits of conquest. The "plow-share" is but symbolic of industry and peace and the higher progress of civilization. The poem closes with a significant hint that war is still honorable when waged in defense of home and country and sacred rights. The poem is a splendid poetic illumination of the oft-quoted saying of Matthew Arnold: "Might, till right is ready."

¹ Pronounced tū'bāl.

² Pronounced lā'mēk.

³ Pronounced zil'ā.

⁴ Pronounced jō-sē'fūa.

TUBAL CAIN

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they said, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done:
He saw that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air:
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sung, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Who was Tubal Cain?
2. What does the poet represent him as doing at first?
3. What was then the condition of the times when "each one prayed for a strong steel blade as the crown of his desire"?
4. In what sense had Tubal Cain given them "strength anew"?
5. What do you think caused the "sudden change" to come o'er his heart?
6. What did he next resolve to do?
7. What change came over the sons of men as a result?
8. Does the poet think war is ever justifiable?

9. Explain "Might, till right is ready."
10. In what sense does Tubal Cain personify the human race in its progressive onward march?

REFERENCES

Song of the Forge—(Clang, Clang, the Massive Anvils Ring).
GEORGE W. CUTTER: The Song of Steam.
ROBERT SOUTHEY: The Battle of Blenheim.
EDWIN ARNOLD: Armageddon.
LONGFELLOW: Keramos. The Village Blacksmith. The Builders.
CHESTER: The Tapestry Weavers.

THE EARTH AND MAN

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west —
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame:
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream —
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy:
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

— *Stopford A. Brooke.*

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE beginning, the working, and the finishing of a piece of work, cannot frequently be seen at a sitting. Such a sight when presented is always fascinating. The blacksmith's shop usually abounds in opportunities for observing this. A poet or a lecturer, working in a serious attempt at fashioning the lives of men, has a natural interest in such moulding of material things. As Longfellow watched the mechanical success of his friend, the village smith, recalled his sturdy independence, noted his cheerful philosophy as exhibited in his daily walk of life, the poet's heart wrought out the things set down for us in the following simple poem of which he wrote in his diary October 5, 1839: "Wrote a new Psalm of Life. It is The Village Blacksmith." It is a matter of keen interest to all, that the school children of Boston presented Longfellow with a beautiful carved chair made from the "spreading chestnut-tree" which stood over the old blacksmith shop in Brattle Street, Cambridge. The chair is still preserved and proudly shown to thousands of visitors who visit the Longfellow home annually.



SHOEING THE HORSE — *Landseer*

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach.
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,

How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand, he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done.
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What are you made to see clearly in the first two stanzas?
2. What beautiful sounds are mentioned?
3. What beautiful sights?
4. How many of the smith's emotions does the poet describe?
5. Where is pathos introduced?
6. Where are things usually regarded as opposite characteristics shown to be closely allied?
7. Mention as many of the smith's characteristics as you can.
8. Are any of these the result of inference alone?
9. What are we shown that makes up the smith's life?
10. How many maxims that go to make up a rule for right living are we given?
11. Just what lesson was the poet taught by the smith?
12. What is the key to a happy life according to Longfellow?

REFERENCES

- LONGFELLOW: From My Arm Chair. Keramos.
WHITTIER: Cobbler Keezar's Vision. Among the Hills.
MACKAY: Tubal Cain.

VIRTUE

GEORGE HERBERT

WHEN Shakespeare was at the height of his literary powers, there was growing up a future poet, whose life was spirit-filled. He was a strict churchman, a devout follower of the lowly Nazarene, and a writer whose songs have inspired all well-doers to rise heavenward on the wings of adoration. His life rang true; and his genuine sincerity is stamped on all he wrote. His poetry sounds forth two great strains. The major strain is the immortality of the soul. The minor strain is the mortality of all things earthly. Henry Morley, the great English writer and critic, says of him, "When the mind is fastened to George Herbert's verse we may think we've an angel by the wings."

The following poem contains the essence of Herbert's teaching and is the briefest, tenderest, simplest, truest interpretation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul yet found in English song and story.

VIRTUE

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. What tells of the passing nature of the day?
2. Why mention "so cool, so calm, so bright"?
3. Explain "bridal of the earth and sky."
4. Explain "The dew shall weep thy fall to-night."
5. Why "angry and brave" hue?
6. How does it bid the rash gazer wipe his eye?
7. To what is spring compared?
8. Explain "My music shows ye have your closes."
9. What in time besides Day and Spring must pass away?
10. What in nature besides the rose must decay?
11. What alone outlasts time and nature?
12. Then what should be the greatest concern of any person?

REFERENCES

- KINGSLEY: The Farewell.
JOHNSON: The Noble Nature.
MACKAY: Song of Life.
RALEIGH: The Lye.
HOOPER: Duty.
DYER: Contentment.
LANIER: The Tournament.
SHAKESPEARE: Portia's Court-room Speech.

THE VOYAGE

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON

THE author of this poem spent many hours by the seashore where she loved to watch the laden ships from all lands entering the harbor and to see them depart with other merchandise for the markets of the world. In fancy, the scene widened until she seemed to see "a thousand fleets from every zone out upon a thousand seas," and the vision became to her a vast symbol of life in which every soul plays its part, "not alone" but in its proper relation to every other soul.

This poem is a vision which breaks in upon our souls like the glory of the sunrise. It needs no forerunner. It introduces itself, explains itself, and gently but effectively reveals itself with wonderful power to the soul that aspires to realize higher meanings of life. To every reader who rises above petty selfishness, and who reaches the point where he is genuinely glad at heart and not jealous when others succeed, this poem is a psalm of contentment.

THE VOYAGE

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone:
A thousand fleets from every zone

Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. How is life symbolized in this poem?
2. What truth in the first stanza is explained in detail in the stanzas following?
3. What in the second stanza reveals the practical brotherhood of man?
4. What passage following asserts the idea of the effective fatherhood of God?
5. Explain "He who *launched* my bark."
6. What sublime faith is shown by the author?
7. What leads the reader instinctively to espouse the same faith?
8. How does the spirit of the last stanza differ from that of the first?
9. Why is it better to cultivate a spirit of rejoicing when others succeed?

REFERENCES

The Lord's Prayer.

POPE: The Universal Prayer.

HOLMES: My Creed (from The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table).
The Sail.

BONAR: He Liveth Long Who Liveth Well.

COLERIDGE: Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

COLLINS: Ships at Sea.

RILEY: Just Be Glad.

BURROUGHS: My Own Shall Come to Me.

MARGARET DELAND: Wishes and Prayers.

LANE: The Sailor's Mother.

CLOUGH: Qua Cursum Ventus.

MRS. CORTISSOZ: A Cry from the Shore.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK: A Prayer for Unity.

WHITTIER: Eternal Goodness.

TO DO

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple.— *Shakespeare*.

WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES

NO matter whether or not William Tell ever lived in the flesh, his story will live on and inspire the hearts of the people for ages to come. Tradition tells us he was a native of Bürglen,¹ a province of Switzerland. Reared among the mighty Swiss mountains, his nature partook of something of their grandeur. Refusing to bow before the cap of the tyrant, Gessler, whom the Austrian government had appointed governor of the province, Tell was sentenced to death but was promised freedom if he shot an apple from the head of his son. He performed this feat but declared boldly that the second arrow found under his coat was for Gessler had the boy been slain. This furnished an excuse for his further imprisonment. Shortly after, Gessler started to move his prisoner across Lake Lucerne.² A storm overtook the boat and Tell, as the most skilful helmsman, was released. Steering the boat near a rock, he leaped ashore and sent the boat spinning on. Gessler managed to escape but was followed and later killed by Tell, who then returned to his mountain home. The poet, Knowles, tells us of his return in the following poem.

¹ Pronounced бүрк'лэн.

² Pronounced лü-sürn'.

WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome home again!

Hail! Hail! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine,—whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed do all the impress wear
Of awe divine.

Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow:
O'er the abyss his broad expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up!

Instinctively
I strung my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about; absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot!
'Twas liberty! I turned the shaft aside,
And let him soar away!

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Why does Tell address the *crags* and *peaks* in line 1?
2. Explain line 2.
3. Why a *tenant*?
4. In what sense are we to understand "proud," line 6?
5. What characteristics does he admire in the mountains?
6. What would be the *smile* of a mountain?
7. Its frown?
3. How could it be *robed*?
3. What is "awe divine"?
10. How are those mountains the guards of liberty?
11. Why does he picture the eagle as he does in the fourth stanza?
12. Why was stringing the bow instinctive?
13. What does "airy circle" mean?
14. Why could he not shoot?
15. What are we taught to admire in this poem?

REFERENCES

- BYRON: The Isles of Greece. Apostrophe to the Ocean.
HALLECK: Marco Bozzaris.
BRYANT: William Tell.
GOLDSMITH: The Deserted Village.
MONTGOMERY: Arnold von Winkleried.
LONGFELLOW: Excelsior.
ARNOLD: Self-Dependence.
-

What a noble gift to man are the forests! What a debt of gratitude and admiration we owe to their beauty and their utility! How pleasantly the shadows of the wood fall upon our heads when we turn from the glitter and turmoil of the world of man!—*James Fenimore Cooper.*

WOODMAN! SPARE THAT TREE!

GEORGE P. MORRIS

MR. MORRIS, in a letter to a friend, dated New York, February 1, 1837, gave in substance this account: Riding out of town a few days since in company with a friend, an old gentleman, he invited me to turn down a little romantic pass, not far from Bloomingdale. "Your object?" inquired I. "Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather long before I was born, under which I used to play when I was a boy, and where my sisters played with me. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters—all are gone; nothing but the old tree remains." And a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and tears came to his eyes. After a moment's pause, he added: "Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is; I never go out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend." These words were scarcely uttered when the old gentleman cried out, "There it is!" Near the tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an ax. "You're not going to cut that tree down, surely?" "Yes, but I am, though," said the woodman. "What for?" inquired the old gentleman, with choked emotion. "What for? I like that! Well, I will tell you. I want the tree for firewood." "What is the tree worth to you for firewood?" "Why, when

down, about ten dollars." "Suppose I should give you that sum," said the old gentleman, "would you let it stand?" "Yes." "You are sure of that?" "Positive." "Then give me a bond to that effect." We went into the little cottage in which my companion was born,



THE OLD OAK TREE

but which is now occupied by the woodman. I drew up the bond. It was signed, and the money paid over. As we left, the young girl, the daughter of the woodman, assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut. These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you.

The very title to this poem is a significant warning in this day of national effort to preserve our forests.

The bleak, barren hills of New England, worn to the rock by floods since the dense forests were cleared away, stand as mute witnesses to man's short-sighted devastations. Throughout practically all the states, Nebraska's "Arbor Day," or tree-planting day, is observed, and the National Bureau of Forestry is planting millions of trees annually to repair the damage done by the wholesale destruction of our forests. This spirit of tree preservation is made personal in this poem. Each of us feels that he is the speaker in the poem, ready to defend some loved tree against the woodman's blow. Every one who has learned to love the trees, the growing grain, or the flowers feels that these living things must not be destroyed.

Miss Mary E. Burt, lover of children and of nature, says of the poem, "I have loved it all my life, and I never knew any one who could or would offer a criticism upon it." Childhood's sweetest pleasures and dearest associations cluster around some loved spot where trees, ferns, mosses, flowers, or other living things have taught innocent childhood the open secrets of life. What wonder, then, that the child grown old raises his voice in protest against the destruction of any of these dear living things!

WOODMAN! SPARE THAT TREE!

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And would'st thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Tell something of the speaker in this poem.
2. In what spirit does he utter his protest in the first stanza?
3. How does his spirit of protest change in the second stanza?
4. What childhood associations are called to mind?
5. Why say "foolish tear"?

6. Explain the first two lines of the last stanza.
7. What shows mingled determination and triumph in this stanza?
8. What in this poem makes each of us ready to second the protest?
9. What message does the poem bring?

REFERENCES

- BJÖRNSSON: The Tree.
RILEY: When the Green gets Back in the Trees.
CRAIK: Green Things Growing.
THACKERAY: The Rose Upon My Balcony.
BRYANT: The Planting of the Apple Tree. Forest Hymn.
CHORLEY: The Brave Old Oak.
LOWELL: The Birch Tree.
LARCOM: Plant a Tree.
GOETHE: The Oak.
STEVENSON: The Woodman.

WHY DO BELLS FOR CHRISTMAS RING?

Why do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sung and smiled,
"This is Christ, the holy child."

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

— *Eugene Field.*

YUSSOUF¹

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

A NOMADIC life in the desert makes culture of self-denial necessary in regard to physical things. From this physical discipline it is an easy transition to the upbuilding of moral integrity in affairs of self-conquest. Hence we find Arab legendary history abounding in a terse, pithy philosophy that makes it pleasing and valuable to western peoples. The hospitality of the East is remarkable not alone for its peculiar environment, but also for the strict observance of certain customs and rules said to be as old as the race. Among these latter is that making the host responsible for the safety of his guest to the last extremity. This remarkable story puts the Arab's fidelity to a trust to a severe test and causes the western Christian to ponder well what manner of man he is.

YUSSOUF*

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying: "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,—
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes, 'The Good.' "

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;

* Used by the courteous permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

¹ Pronounced yoo'suf.



THE ARAB—*Schreyer*

Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His, who buildeth over these
Our tents, His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest. Kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me.
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born; sleep in peace!"

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. In most instances, what would be the reception given a self-confessed criminal, who sought a night's lodging?
2. Why is "The Good" a remarkable sobriquet?
3. What rule of life seems to have prompted Yussouf's action in stanza 2?
4. How is a horse regarded by the Arab?
5. What is the significance of this gift being the *best* horse?
6. Wherein lies the "nobleness" of Yussouf's conduct in stanza 3?
7. How did Ibrahim *repay* Yussouf?
8. At this point, which is the nobler character?
9. What is self-conquest?
10. Do you wish Yussouf to execute dire vengeance upon Ibrahim?
11. Why did Yussouf treble the gold?

12. What was the black thought?
13. Why not have Yussouf adopt Ibrahim as his son?
14. Was this God's decree?
15. How was Yussouf's son avenged?
16. Give a Biblical quotation that warrants Yussouf's conduct.
17. Tell the kind of a man you imagine Ibrahim became after this?
18. Commit to memory the last two lines of stanza 3.
19. Are these lines true?
20. Show why you answer thus.

REFERENCES

- ARNOLD: Sohrab and Rustum.
WHITTIER: Nauhaught, the Deacon.
HUNT: Abou Ben Adhem.
LOWELL: Vision of Sir Launfal.
NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS: Absalom.
TAYLOR: Bedouin Song.
SARAH WILLIAMS: Omar and the Persian.
EDMUND WALLER: Old Age.
CRANCH: Prince Yousuf and the Alcayde.

BOOKS

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries in a thousand years have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

CROSSING THE BAR

ALFRED TENNYSON

NEAR the peaceful close of a long life of study and quiet meditation, Tennyson's soul speaks a universal message of hope born of triumphant faith. This poem was placed at the close of the authorized collection of the poet's works.

Evening approaches, shadows lengthen, and the evening star shines clear in the darkening heavens. The call to home and friends comes clear and distinct. Across the harbor-mouth lies the treacherous bar whose shallow waters, in fateful moan, are beaten into foam as the storm approaches. May there be no hint of baffling winds, of storm and of shipwreck when the return voyage is begun. But may the tide move softly in so deep and full that the hidden sands of the bar may be crossed in quiet and perfect peace. The soul may then return home with serene and tranquil joy.

Twilight deepens, darkness falls—death and darkness and farewell—no sadness, no moaning, but the blissful hope of the evening star. Though far-borne by the resistless energy of the flood-tide, the poet *knows* he will greet his Pilot face to face, when he has crossed the bar. No note of sectarianism, no shadow of denominationalism, but Christian faith, simple, enduring Christian faith, broad as the race and defying time.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES

1. Why is the sunset hour chosen?
2. What does the evening star indicate?
3. Explain, "moaning of the bar."
4. "That which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home" is a symbol of what experience of the soul?
5. Then, according to Tennyson, what is death?
6. As twilight deepens, what change in the poet's mood?
7. What is the "bourne of Time and Place"?
8. Why are we left to imagine where the flood will bear him?
9. What triumphant hope of the poet makes death a happy home-returning?
10. If this poem has a universal meaning, what does each of the following stand for?—
 - (a) Sunset and twilight.
 - (b) Evening star.

- (c) The bar.
 - (d) The sea.
 - (e) The Pilot.
11. Read the poem until you feel the beauty of its melody and the appropriateness of its rhythm. He whose soul comes into conscious touch with the Divine, can read this poem the hundredth time and find new meanings.

REFERENCES

- WORDSWORTH: *Intimations of Immortality.*
WHITTIER: *At Last. My Triumph.*
LONGFELLOW: *In the Harbor. Victor and Vanquished.*
BROWNING: *Prospice. By the Fireside.*
EMERSON: *Good-bye, Proud World. Terminus.*
THACKERAY: *Death of Colonel Newcome, in The Newcomes.*
EDWIN ARNOLD: *After Death. The Secret of Death.*
ELIOT: *The Choir Invisible.*
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MC CREERY: *There is No Death.*
POPE: *The Dying Christian to His Soul.*
A. L. BARBAULD: *Life, I know not what thou art.*
MRS. BROWNING: *The Sleep.*
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE: *The Hills of Rest.*
SILL: *The Future.*
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: *The Other World.*
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PAUL HAYNE: *In Harbor.*
BRYANT: *Thanatopsis.*
RALEIGH: *Even Such is Time.*
STEVENSON: *Requiem.*
PHOEBE CARY: *Nearer Home.*
NOYES: *The Lights of Home.*

A FLOWER GARDEN

NOT MINE

And if I share my crust,
As common manhood must,
With one whose need is greater than my own,
Shall I not also give
His soul that it may live,
Of the abundant pleasure I have known?

And so, if I have wrought,
Amassed, or conceived aught
Of beauty or intelligence or power,
It is not mine to hoard:
It stands there to afford
Its generous service simply as a flower.

—BLISS CARMAN.

GOD GIVE US MEN

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large profession and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

 This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

 From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—WALTER SCOTT.

VICTOR

To have toiled upward through the barren years,

 To have had courage to contend with wrong;

 And walked in silence when the victor's song

Was justly thine, lest it should reach the ears

Of the great grieving host of vanquished ones;

 Showing Christ's mercy to the puny soul

 That would have kept thee from the longed-for goal—

All these are victories, oh, worthy sons!

But to have battled bravely, and have failed—

 Yet falling, stood undaunted to the last

 Cheering the one who on to victory passed:

Infusing hope to those by doubts assailed;

Conquering self, beneath the chastening rod—

Behold a victor worthy of his God!

—BETH CLATER WHITSON, in Metropolitan Magazine.

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries, and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears
To all who fail in their deeds sublime,
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with time in advance of time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time,
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine,
But the man who fails and yet still fights on,
Lo! he is the twin-born brother of mine.
—JOAQUIN MILLER.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears,
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers:
A homely hero born of star and sod;
A peasant prince; a masterpiece of God.
—WALTER MALONE.

LIGHT

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—F. W. BOURDILLON.

DUTY

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

—ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER.

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadows of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy: no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's fair renown,
Let something good be said.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

SOME SMALL SWEET WAY

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird-wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn-like gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—SELECTED.

I AM GLAD

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.
I will trust in Him,
That He can hold His own; and I will take
His will, above the work He sendeth me
To be my chiefest good. The glory is not in the task,
But in the doing it for Him.

—JEAN INGELow.

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn—
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

—ROBERT BROWNING.

THE SET OF THE SOUL

One ship goes east, another west,
By the selfsame winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale,
That determines the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of Fate
As we voyage along through life.
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

—RIDDELL.

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE SCULPTOR

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy
With a marble block before him.
His face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision.
In heaven's own light the image shone,—
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,—
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.

—GEORGE W. DOANE.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—LONGFELLOW.

TRUE GREATNESS

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife
His adversary's heart to him doth tie;
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth, it must be nobly done:—
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honor won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow?
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?
—SELECTED.

REST

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife;
Fleeting to ocean,
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

—GOETHE.

DUTY

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

TO DUTY

Light of dim mornings; shield from heat and cold;
Balm for all ailments; substitute for praise;
Comrade for those who plod in lonely ways
(Ways that grow lonelier as the years wax old);
Tonic for fears; check to the overbold;
Nurse, whose calm hand its strong restriction lays,
Kind, but resistless, on our wayward days;
Mart, where high wisdom at vast price is sold:
Gardener, whose touch bids the rose petals fall,
The thorns endure; surgeon, who human hearts
Searchest with probes, though the death would be given;
Spell that knits friends, but yearning lovers parts;
Tyrant relentless o'er our blisses all—
O, can it be thine other name is Heaven?

—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THE FIRST VIRTUE

The first virtue, sone, if thou wilt lerne
Is to restraine and keepen well thy tongue.

Loke who that is most virtuous alway,
Prive and apart, and most intendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the gretest gentilman.

—GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TRUE GREATNESS

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor;
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power but sold!
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain does this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

—LADY E. CAREW.

THE LITTLE CARES THAT FRETTED ME

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees;
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;

Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE DAY WELL SPENT

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the deeds that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word that eased the heart of him
that heard;
One glance most kind, which felt like sunshine where it
went,
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if through all the live-long day
You've eased no heart by yea and nay,
If through it all you've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face,
No act most small that helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

—SELECTED.

WE ALWAYS MAY BE WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a nobler life,
That once seemed possible?

.
We have, and yet
We lost it in the daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vain regret;
But still our place is kept, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been.

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die:
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; not let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!
—HORATIUS BONAR.

A PRAYER

If there be some weaker one
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be
Let me guide him nearer thee;
Make my mortal dream come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent;
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led.
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THREE THINGS

There are three lessons I would write;
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men:

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this—God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But men, as men, thy brothers call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—From the German of SCHILLER.

OUR ACTS OUR ANGELS ARE

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—JOHN FLETCHER.

MEDITATION

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The book of life the shining record tells.
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life-workings. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

OPPORTUNITY

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing"—he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it; and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

THE WATER LILY

In the slimy bed of a sluggish mere
Its root had humble birth,
And the slender stem that upward grew
Was coarse of fibre and dull of hue,
With naught of grace or worth.

The gelid fish that floated near
Saw only the vulgar stem.
The clumsy turtle paddling by,
The water snake with his lidless eye,—
It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honey bee,
The sun and sky and air,
They marked its heart of virgin gold
In the satin leaves of spotless fold,
And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity,
To sordid life tied down,
May bloom to heaven and no man know,
Seeing the coarse vile stem below,
How God hath seen the crown.

—JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

MY WISH

I ask, O Lord, that from my life may flow
Such gladsome music, soothing, sweet and clear
From a fine-strung harp, to reach the weary ear
Of struggling men,
To bid them pause awhile and listen; then
With spirit calmer, stronger than before,
Take up their work once more,
I only pray that, through the common days

Of this, my life, unceasingly may steal
Into some aching heart strains that shall help to heal
 Its long-borne pain,
To lift the thoughts from self and worldly gain
And fill the life with harmonies divine;
 Oh, may such power be mine!
Thus would I live; and when all working days
 Are o'er for me,
May the rich music of my life ring on
 Eternally!

—M. P. N., in Wesleyan Magazine.

“SINE DIE”

As far as Earth is from the sky,
 So Love is high.
Where Alpine lakes their vigils keep
 Is Love more deep.
In Nature there no boundaries are
 That tell how far Love goes.
Love's measure as each countless star,
 God knows.
One only thing we know:
 Love comes to stay;
Though God's to give, it is not even His
 To take away.

—THE OUTLOOK.

LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
 There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
 And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
 A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
 Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave;
'Tis just what we are and do;
'Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.
—MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

BE TRUE

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.
—HORATIUS BONAR.

MY CREED

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
I would be friend to all — the foe — the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up — and laugh — and love and lift.
—HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER, in New York Observer.

IN COMMON THINGS

Seek not far for beauty. Lo! It glows
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet:
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet.
In stars, and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For, see
It is a flower that blossoms at thy door!
Bring love and justice home, and then no more
Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought:
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command:
Life's common duties build all that saints have thought.
In wonder-workings or some bush aflame,
Men look for God, and fancy him concealed;
But in earth's common things he stands revealed,
While grass and stars and flowers spell out his name.

— MINOT J. SAVAGE.

GOOD NIGHT

Good night! Good night!
Far flies the light.
But still God's love
Shall flame above,
Making all bright.
Good night! Good night!

— VICTOR HUGO



